

No. 3

Little Miss Sunbeam

COMICS

10^c

FUNNY MIRRORS

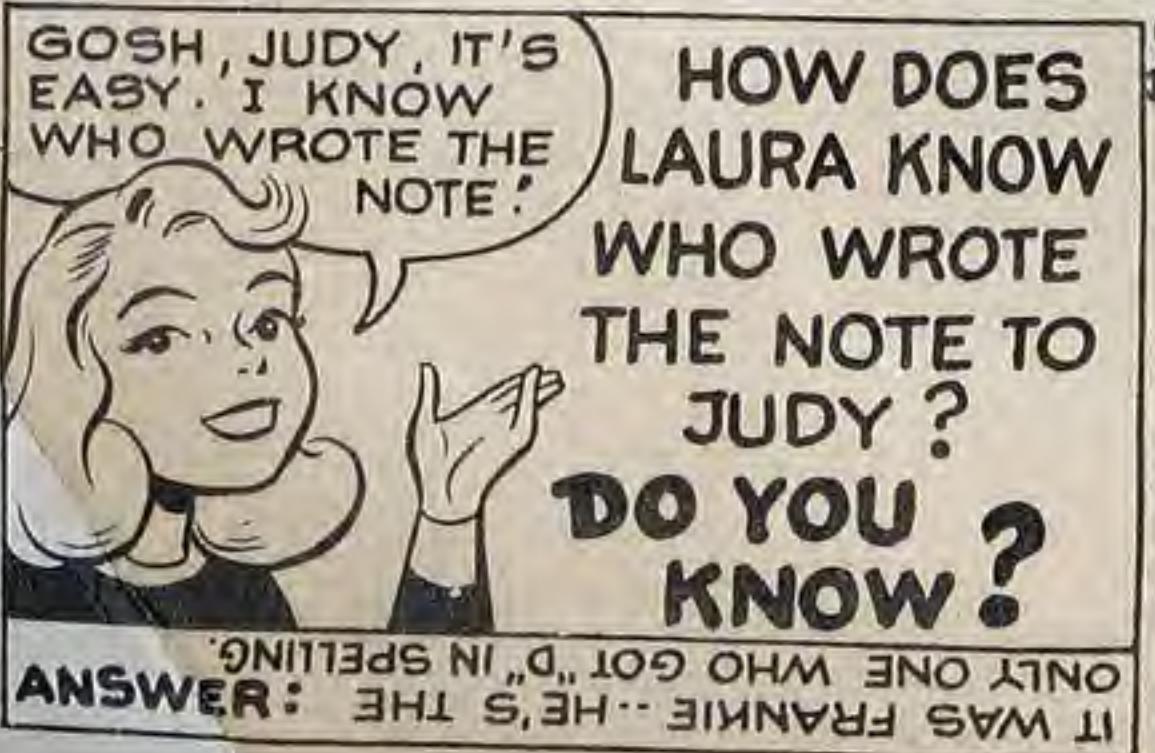
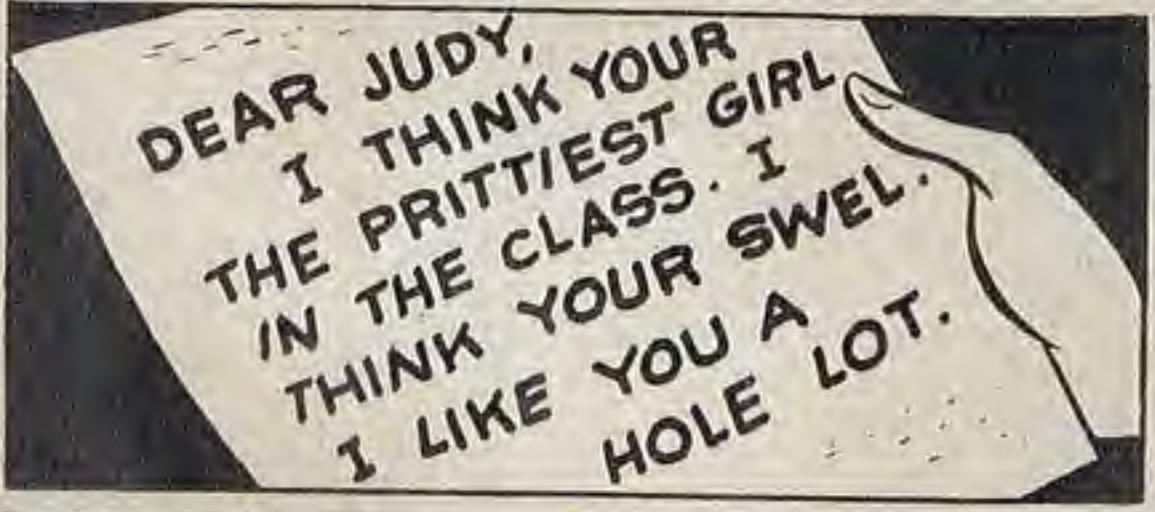


FRANK
CARIN

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SUNBEAMLAND PUZZLE PAGE



WHICH PIECE OF CLOTH IS LARGER?



THESE FAMOUS STORY BOOK CHARACTERS ARE LOST. CAN YOU RECOGNIZE THEM AND PLACE THEM IN THEIR PROPER SURROUNDINGS?

ANSWERS:

- ① BO-PEEP SHOULD BE WITH SHEEP;
- ② LITTLE PIG SHOULD BE WITH HIS BRICK HOUSE.
- ③ HUMPTY DUMPTY SHOULD SIT ON THE WALL.
- ④ ROBIN HOOD SHOULD BE IN THE FOREST.
- ⑤ RED RIDING HOOD SHOULD BE WITH GRANNY.

SUNBEAMLAND PICTURE PUZZLES

YOU WILL FIND THE ANSWERS AT THE BOTTOM OF PAGE.

- ① THIS IS THE NAME OF A NEW YORK BOROUGH!
-
- =
- ② THIS REPRESENTS THE NAME OF A STATE!
-
- =
- ③ THIS IS THE NAME OF A FAMOUS HISTORICAL FIGURE.
-
- =

Little Miss Sunbeam

AVALANCHE!
LANDSLIDE! BURYIN'
HALF THE VALLEY!

SUNNY AND MUNCH
ARE SPENDING A FEW
WEEKS AT UNCLE TEDDY'S
BIG WESTERN RANCH...

ONE EVENTFUL DAY, AN
EXCITED RIDER SPURS
HIS MOUNT INTO THE
RANCH YARD AND SHOUTS
DREADFUL TIDINGS—AND
THE WORDS HE CRIES
PLUNGE SUNNY AND
HER FRIEND INTO THE
PERILOUS ADVENTURE
OF

"THE TALKING HORSE!"



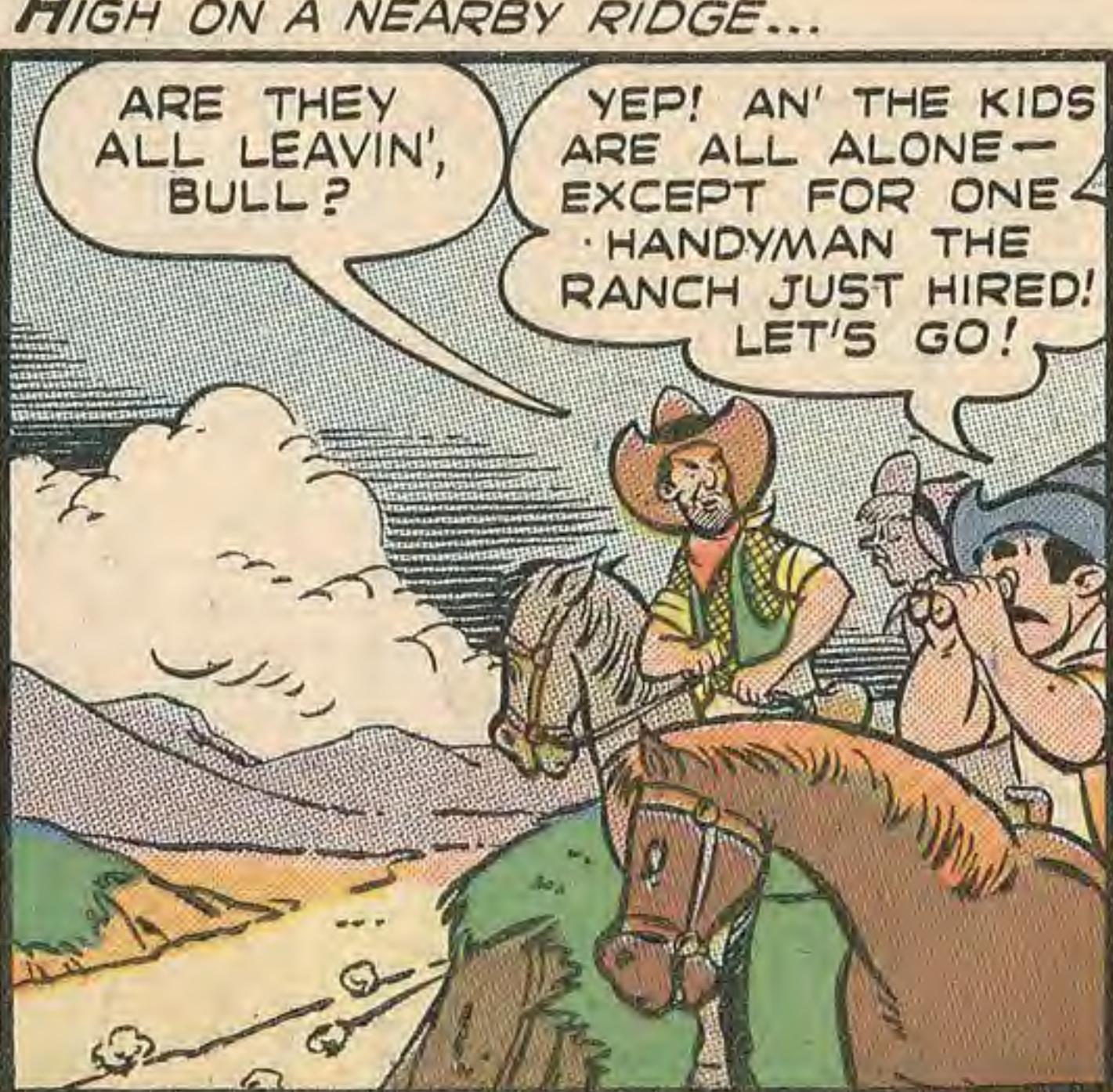
OH! THAT'S VERY BAD—
A LANDSLIDE! AND NOW
THE COWBOYS HAVE TO
GO AND DIG OUT ANY-
BODY THAT GETS
CAUGHT UNDER IT!

GEE!

HIGH ON A NEARBY RIDGE...

ARE THEY
ALL LEAVIN',
BULL?

YEP! AN' THE KIDS
ARE ALL ALONE—
EXCEPT FOR ONE
HANDYMAN THE
RANCH JUST HIRED!
LET'S GO!



SEVERAL MOMENTS LATER...

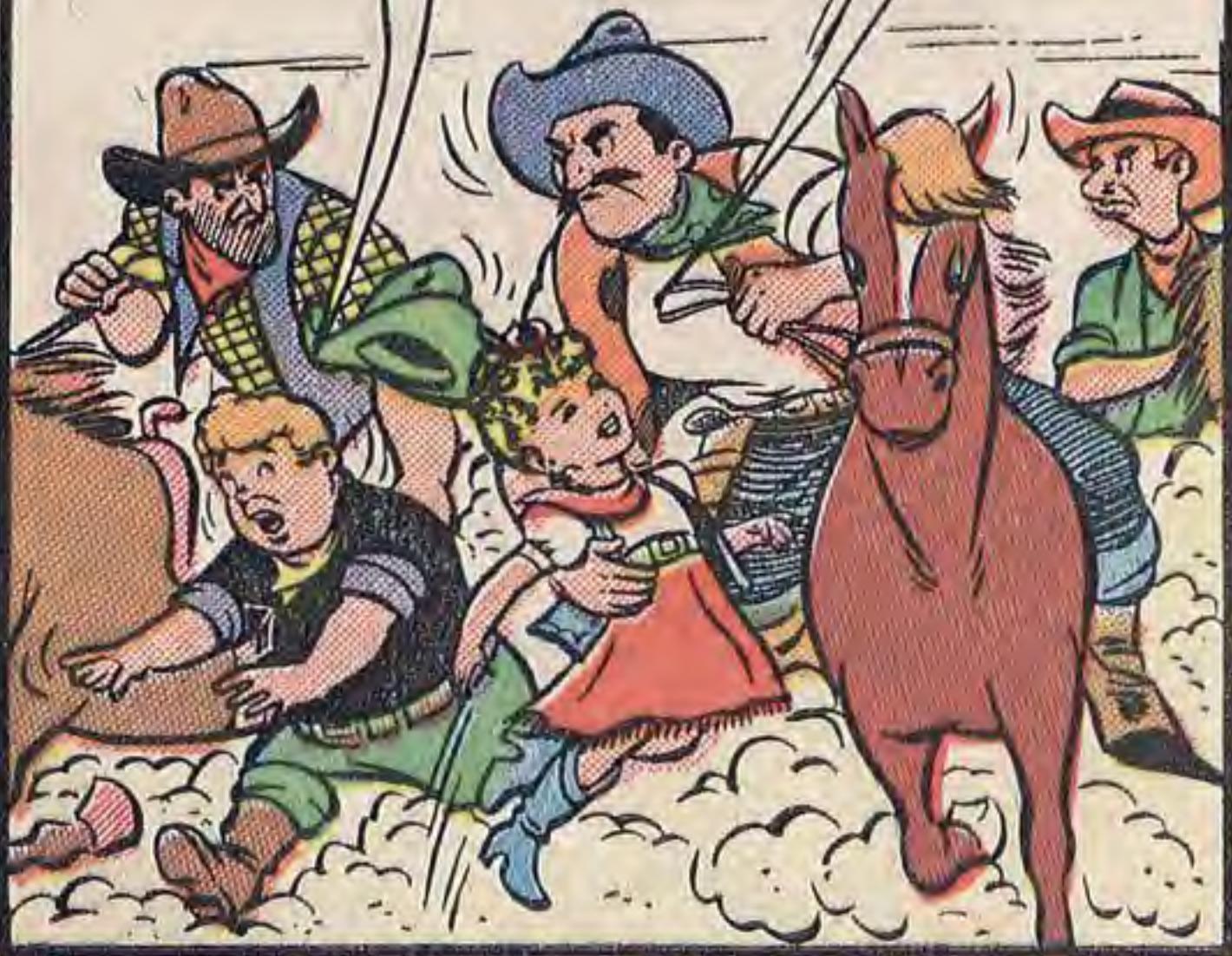
THEY'RE OURS FER THE TAKIN'! YOU GRAB THE BOY — I'LL TAKE THE GAL!

OKAY, BULL



Yiii!

OHHH!



WHY, YUH LITTLE WILDCAT! STOP FIGHTIN' LIKE THAT!

LET THAT CHILD ALONE!



THUD!

I'LL HANDLE — MMMMPFFF!



BUT THE HANDYMAN GOES DOWN...

CLUNK!

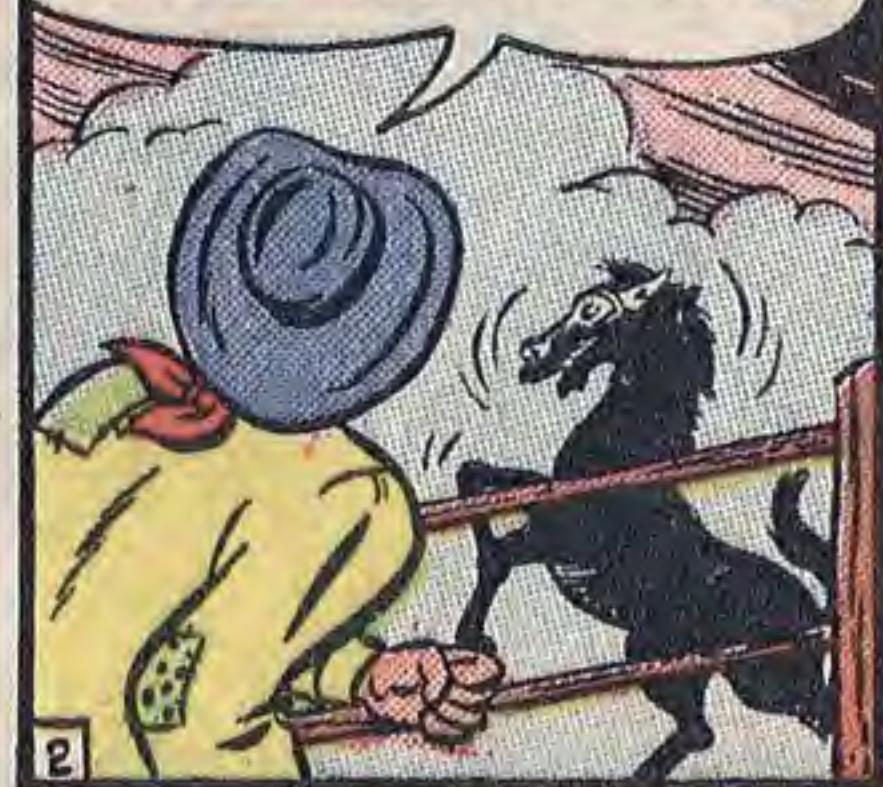
LET'S GO! WE HAVE THE KIDS — THE REST SHOULD BE EASY...

YOU'RE BAD! YOU HURT JOHNNY!



SOMETIME LATER,
JOHNNY, THE HANDYMAN,
REVIVES...

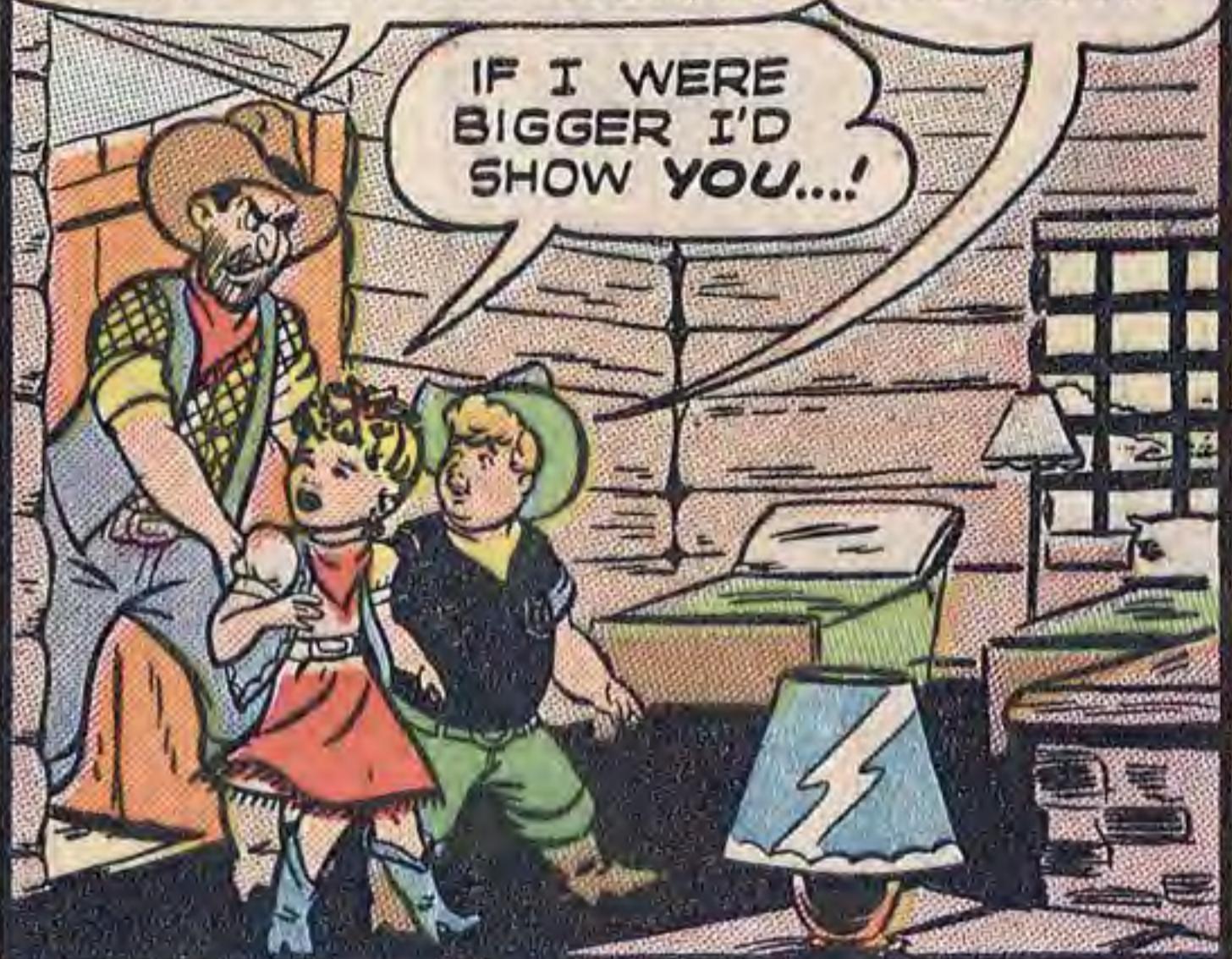
I KNOW UNCLE TEDDY WON'T MIND
IF I TAKE HIS BEST HORSE, BLAZE, TO
RIDE OUT AFTER THOSE KIDNAPPERS...!



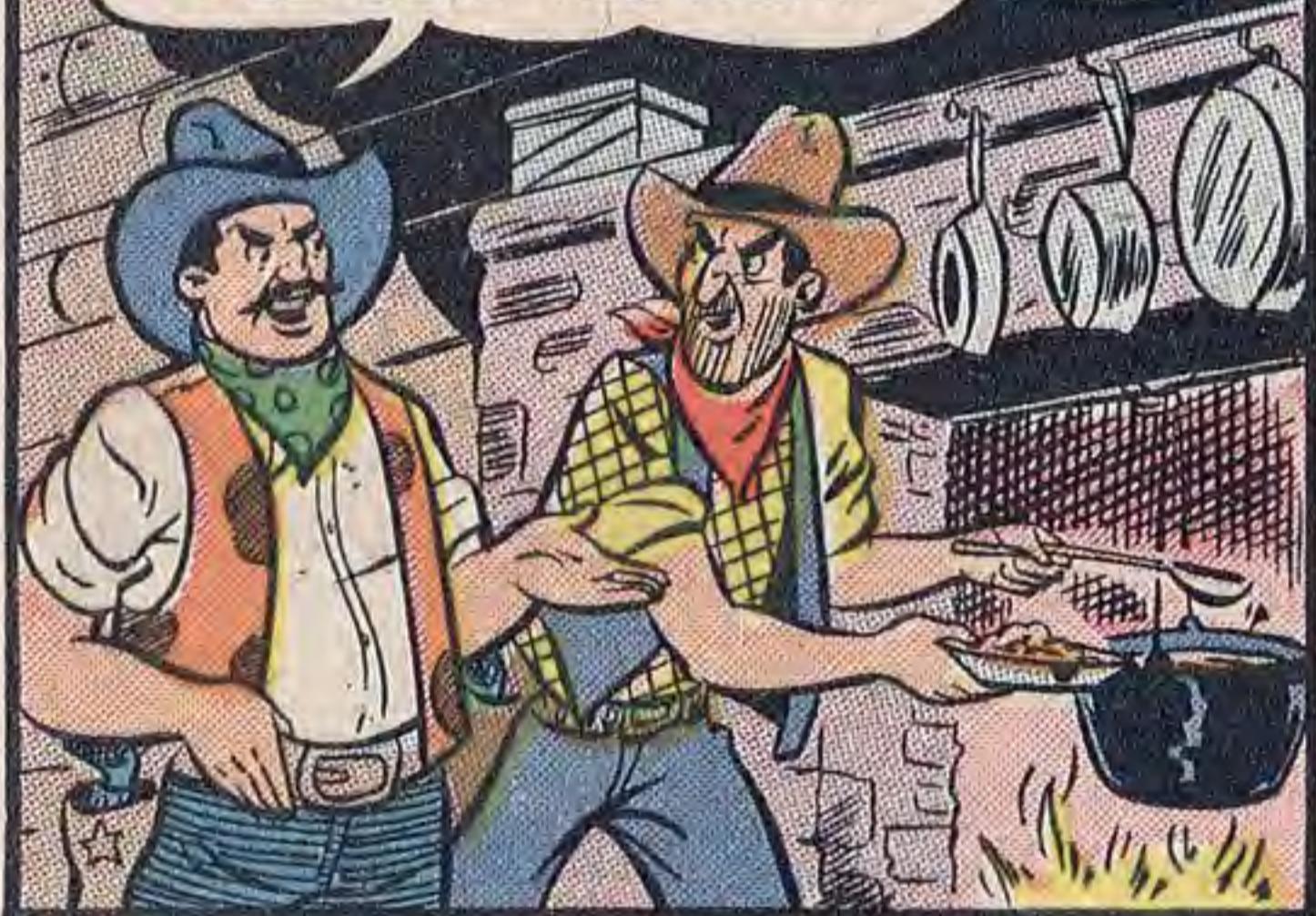
HIGH INTO THE MEDICINE RIDGE HILLS
RIDE THE KIDNAPPERS. THEY PULL IN
BEFORE A BIG CABIN SET BACK
UNDER AN OVERHANGING CLIFF...



YOU KIDS STAY HERE,
UNDERSTAND? AND BEHAVE
YOURSELVES, IF YOU DON'T
WANT TUH GET HURT!
HOW ABOUT
SOME FOOD?
I'M
HUNGRY!



NOW ALL WE GOTTA DO IS WRITE
THAT GAL'S RICH UNCLE — TELL HIM
UNLESS HE SELLS US HIS RANCH,
HE'LL NEVER SEE HIS NIECE AGAIN!
HE'LL SELL ALL RIGHT!



DON'T PUT NUTHIN' IN THERE ABOUT
WHY WE WANT HIS RANCH!

I WON'T!



DID YOU HEAR THAT?
THOSE MEN WANT
UNCLE TEDDY'S
RANCH!

UH-HUH!
I HEARD!
WATCH OUT
— THE DOOR'S
OPENING!

EAT UP,
KIDS! IT'S
GOOD
FOOD!

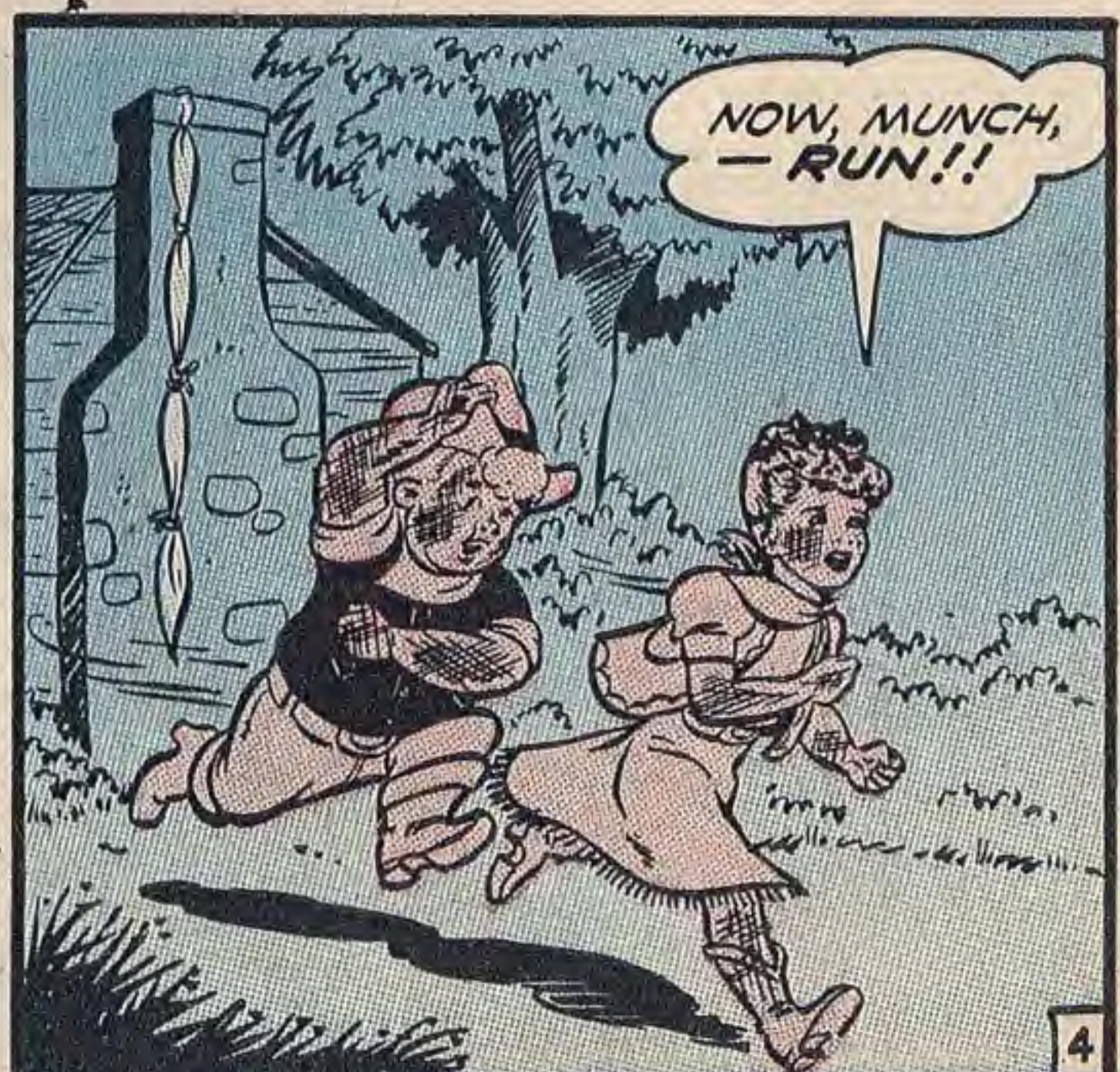
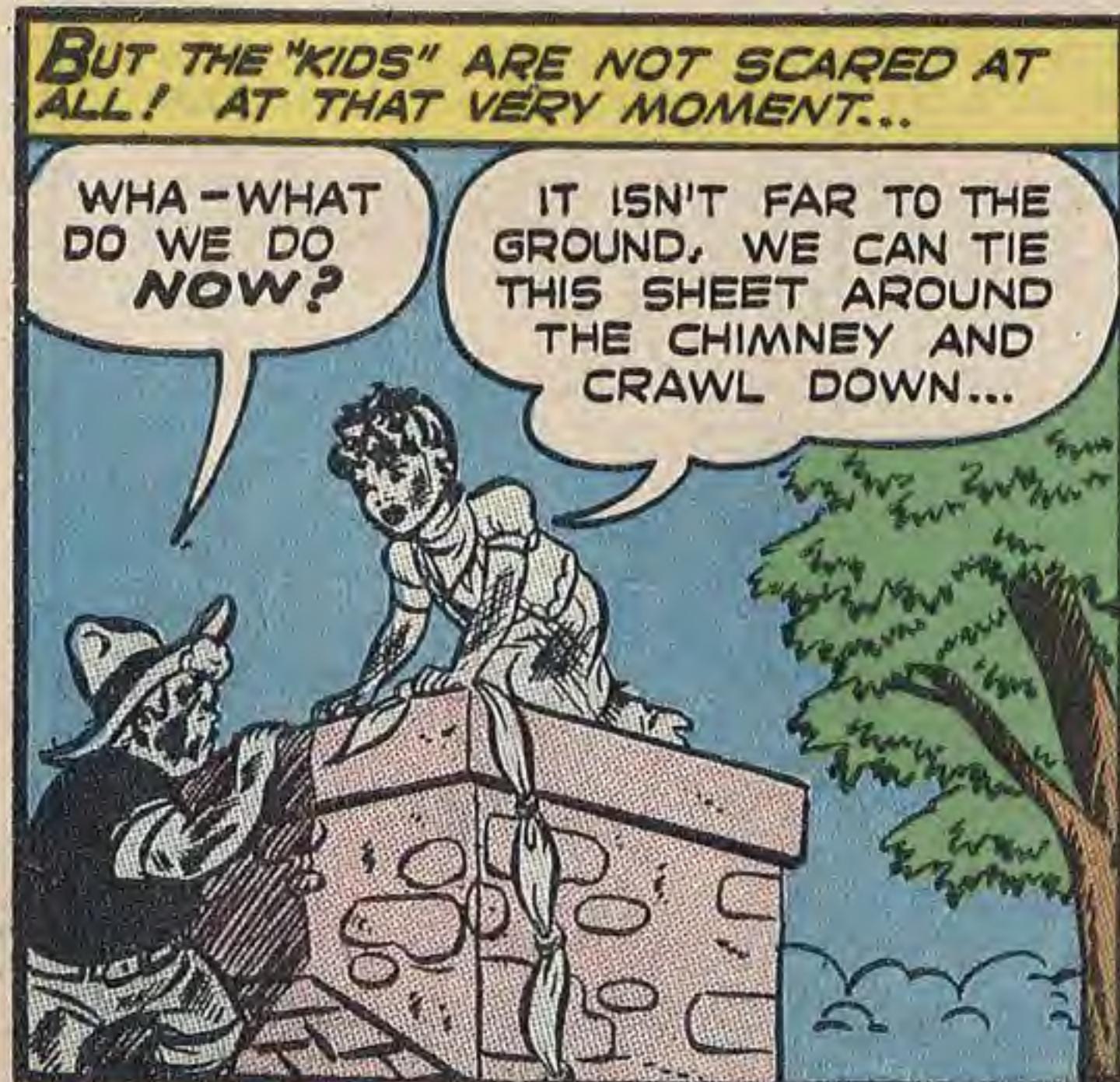
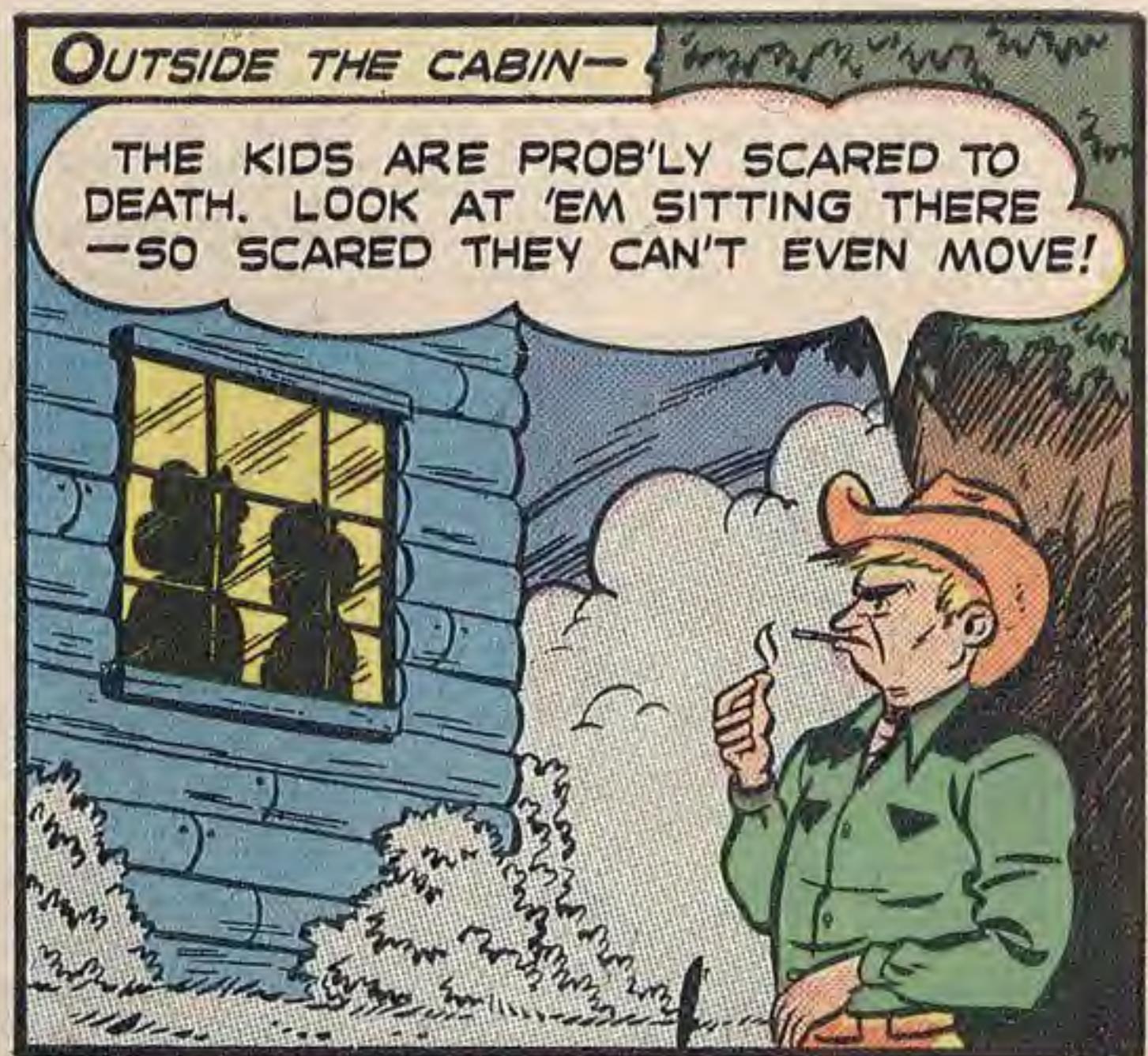
I WON'T
EAT IF
YOU
STAY HERE!
YOU GO
OUT!

HEY, SUNNY!
HE WAS RIGHT!
THIS IS GOOD
FOOD! WATCHA
DOING?

I'M GOING
TO GET
AWAY, THAT'S
WHAT! THEY
AREN'T GOING

TO MAKE MY
UNCLE SELL HIS
RANCH! ...OH! THERE'S
A MAN OUTSIDE
WATCHING
OUR WINDOW!





ALL NIGHT LONG, SUNNY AND MUNCH FLEE FROM THE MOUNTAIN CABIN. AN HOUR AFTER DAWN —

I — I WISH I KNEW WHERE WE WERE!

M — ME TOO! I — I'M SCARED!

DO NOT BE AFRAID. I WILL HELP YOU. THERE IS A CAVE TWENTY FEET FURTHER ON — WITH MILK AND SANDWICHES INSIDE. HIDE THERE!

MUNCH! THAT STONE HORSE TALKED TO US!

GULP! I — I HEARD HIM!

A LITTLE LATER, IN THE CAVE...

BUT HOW DID THAT HORSE TALK? HOW DID THESE SANDWICHES GET HERE?

NEVER MIND ASKIN' QUESTIONS, SUNNY — JUST EAT! REMEMBER —

YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO LOOK A GIFT HORSE IN THE MOUTH!

HERE COME THOSE BAD MEN! GET BACK, MUNCH!

YOU BETCHA!

THEY CAME THIS WAY!

WE CAN'T BE SURE! THIS ROCKY GROUND IS TOO HARD FOR ANY FOOT-PRINTS TO SHOW!

THERE AIN'T NOTHIN' TO SHOW WHERE THEY ARE!

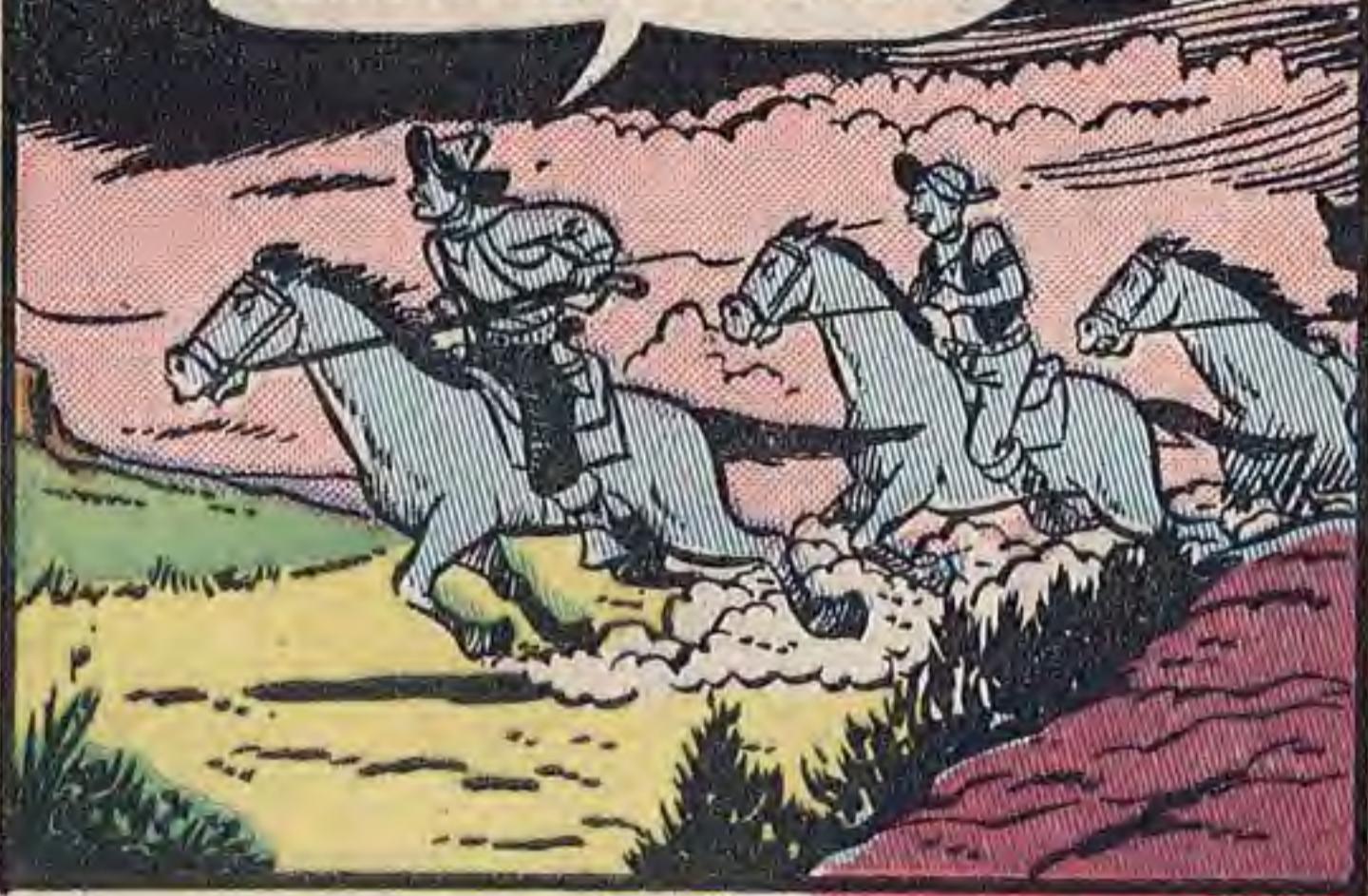
MEBBE THEY DIDN'T COME THIS WAY. WE'D BETTER CLIMB INTO OUR SADDLES AN' RIDE ON!

THEY'RE GONE! COME ON, MUNCH! I WANT TO TALK TO THE STONE HORSE AGAIN! MAYBE HE CAN TELL US HOW TO FIND THE RANCH!

ASK HIM IF HE HAS ANY MORE SANDWICHES HIDDEN AWAY...

MEANWHILE THE RANCH-HANDS ARE RIDING OUT FROM THE RANCH AGAIN...

A PHONY STORY ABOUT A LANDSLIDE THAT NEVER HAPPENED... AND THE KIDS MISSING WHEN WE GET BACK! SOMETHING'S WRONG...!



THINK THAT NEW BOY, JOHNNY MIGHT BE IN IT? HE'S MISSING TOO!

DON'T KNOW, BARNEY — BUT WE'LL RIDE THIS TRAIL TILL WE FIND OUT!



AND, AT THE TALKING HORSE...

FOLLOW THE CREEK AT THE BOTTOM OF THE HILL — IT LEADS RIGHT TO THE RANCH.

THANK YOU, MISTER HORSE!



MUNCH, DID YOU NOTICE SOMETHING ABOUT THAT HORSE'S VOICE? IT SOUNDED FAMILIAR...

I WAS TOO HUNGRY TO NOTICE ANYTHING. AND NOW I'M THIRSTY!



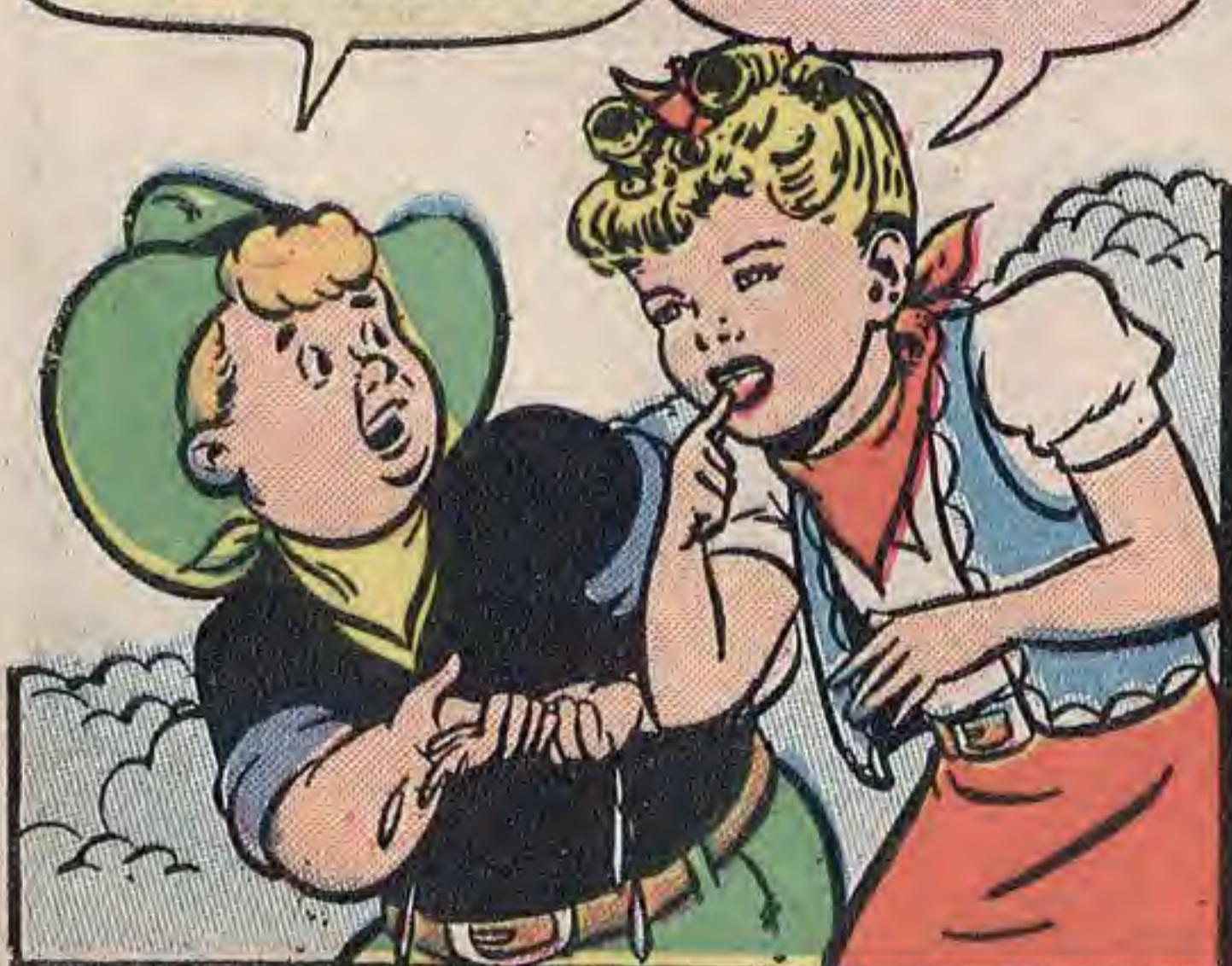
OF COURSE I'D RATHER HAVE A CHOCOLATE SODA, BUT THIS WILL HAVE TO DO...

WAIT, MUNCH! THAT COYOTE WAS GOING TO DRINK TOO — BUT HE STOPPED AFTER SNIFFING AT THE WATER!



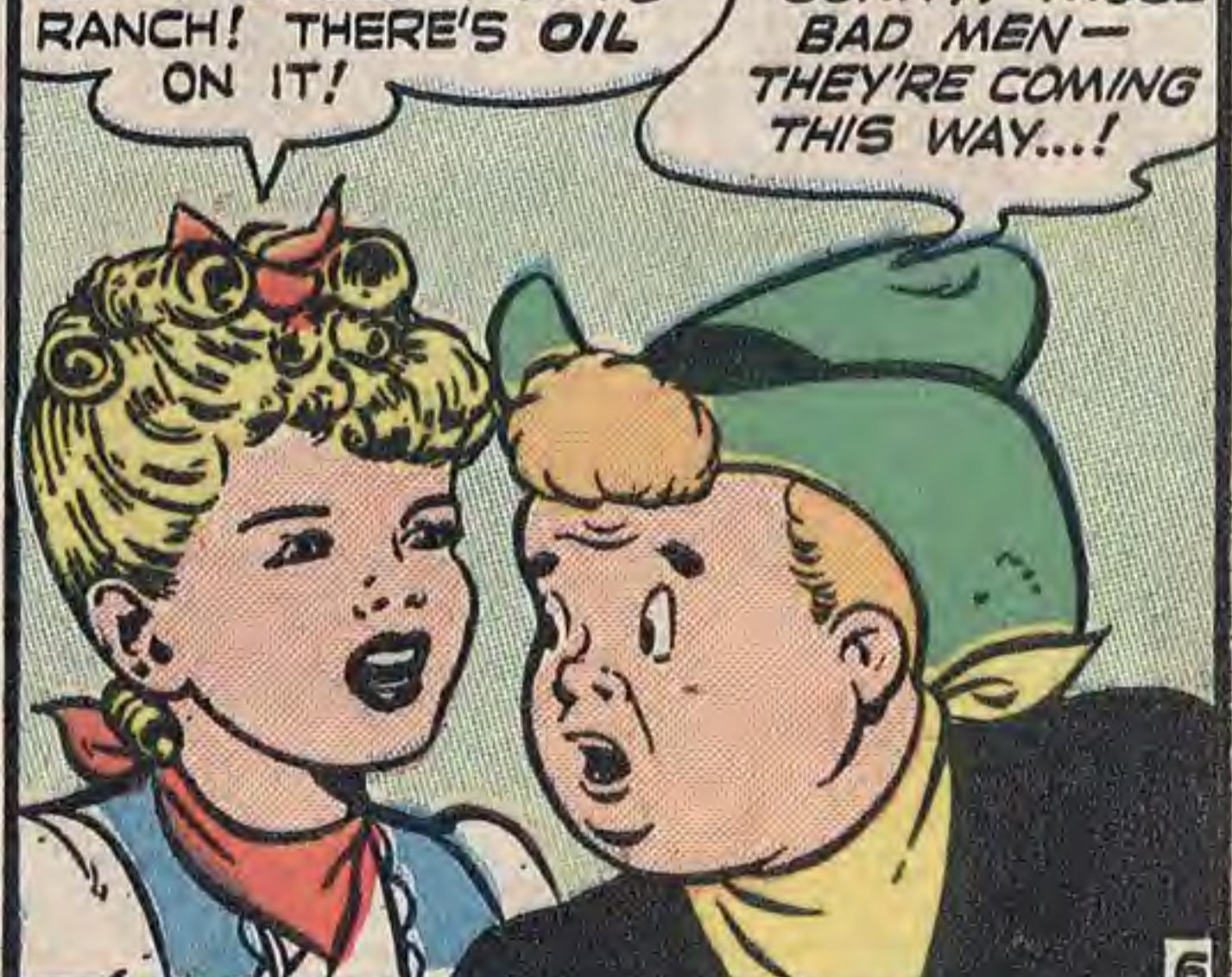
MAYBE IT'S POISONED! SUNNY — YOU TASTE IT!

IT TASTES FUNNY... LIKE... LIKE OIL...!



OIL! NOW I KNOW WHY THOSE BAD MEN WANT UNCLE TEDDY'S RANCH! THERE'S OIL ON IT!

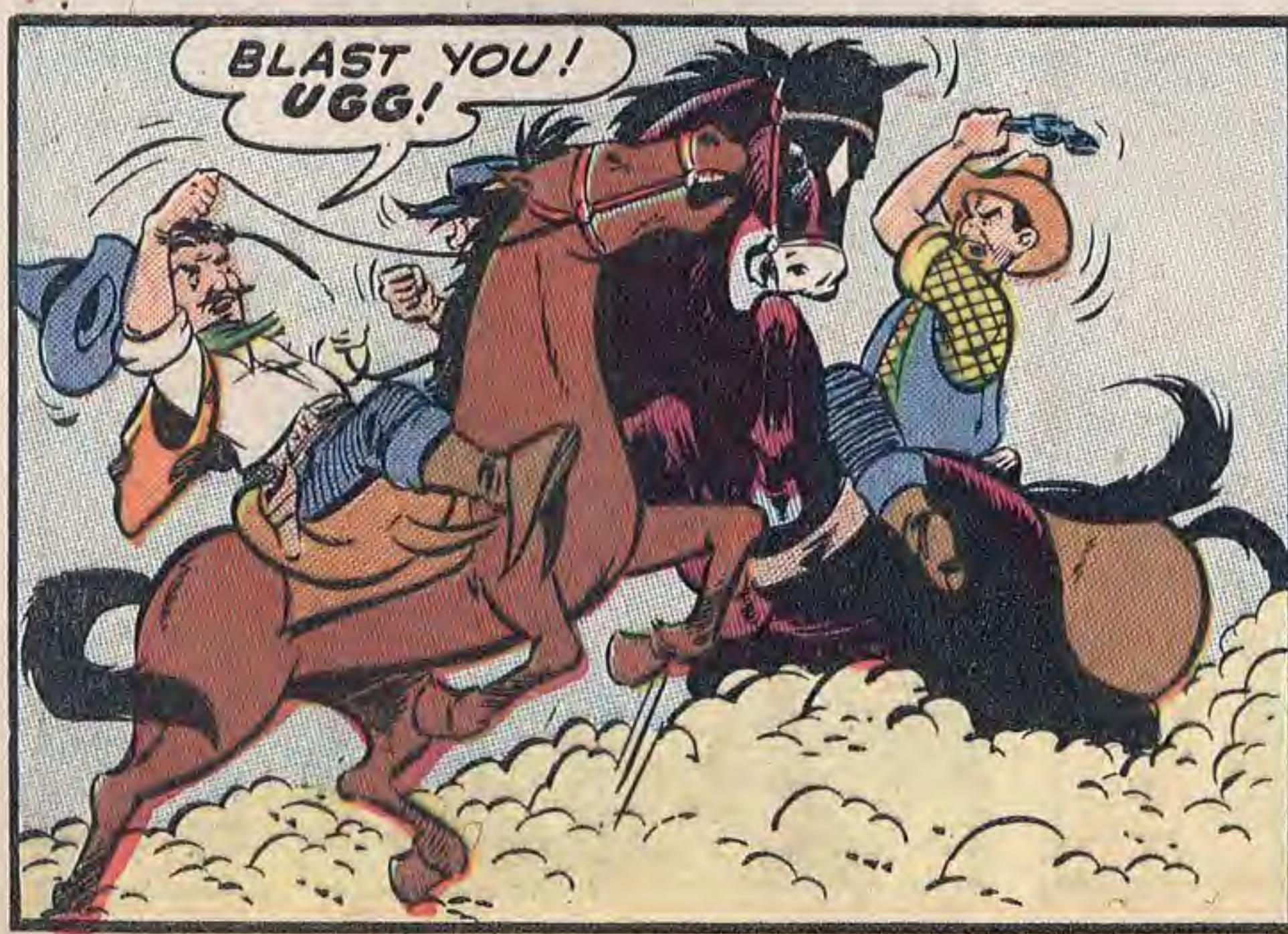
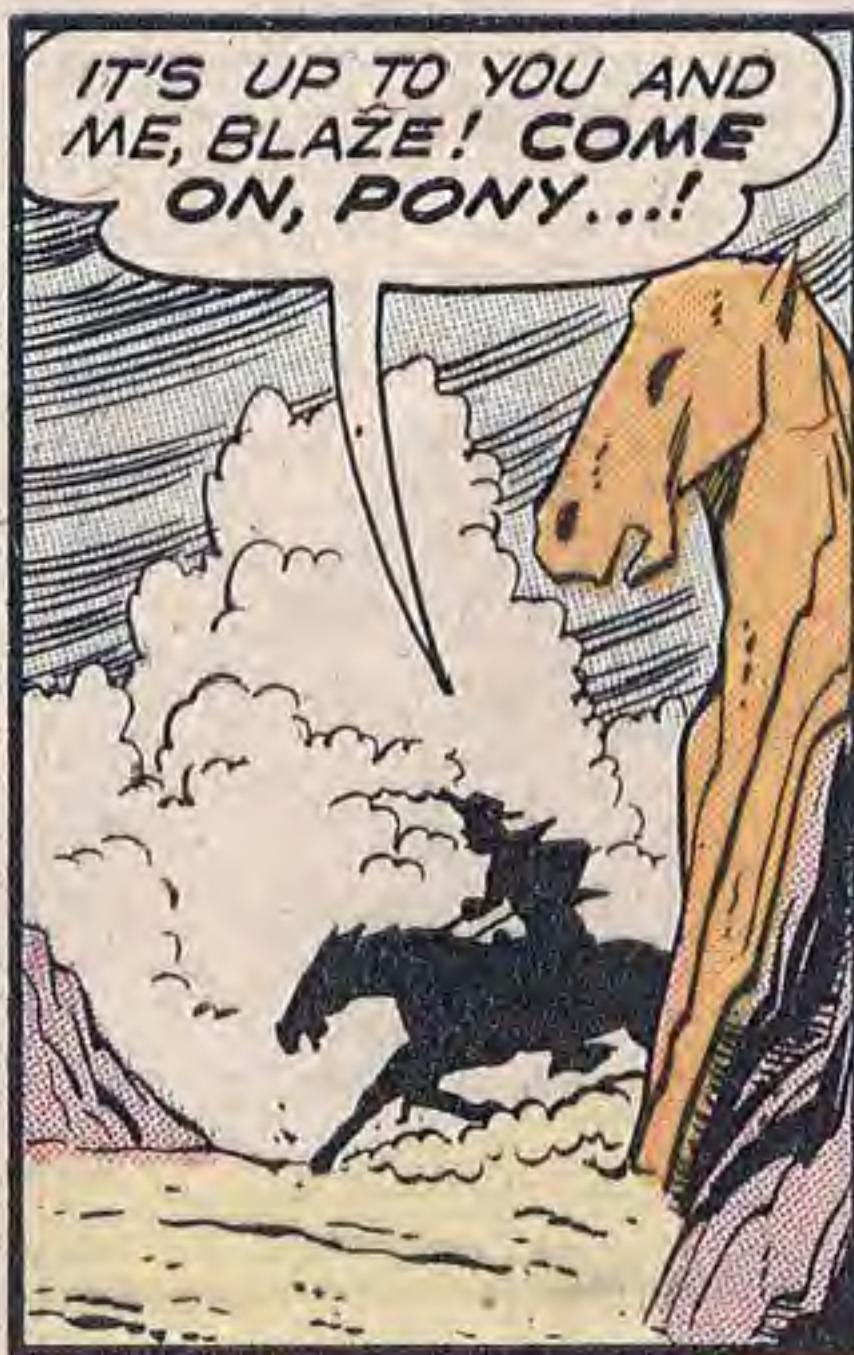
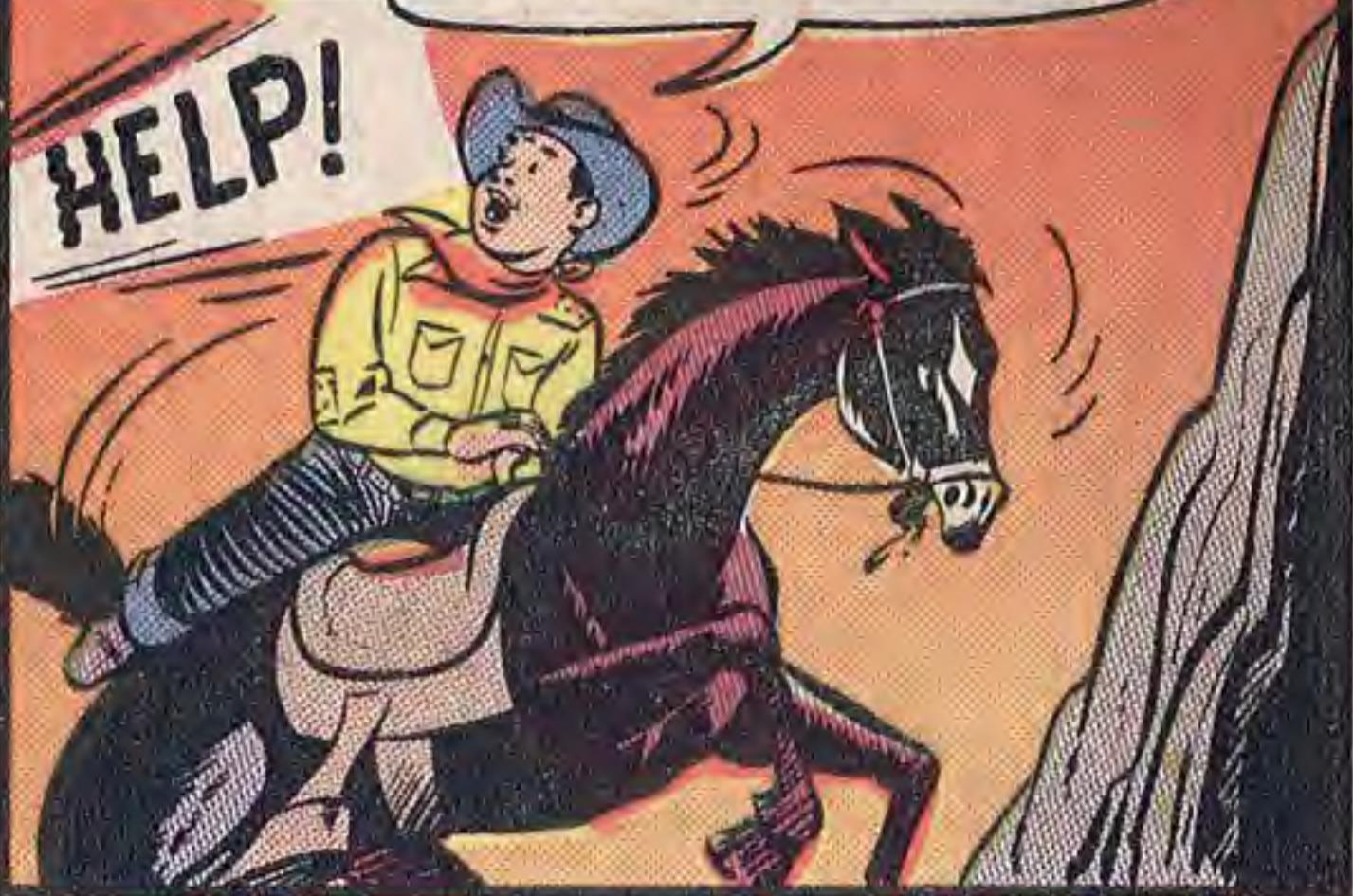
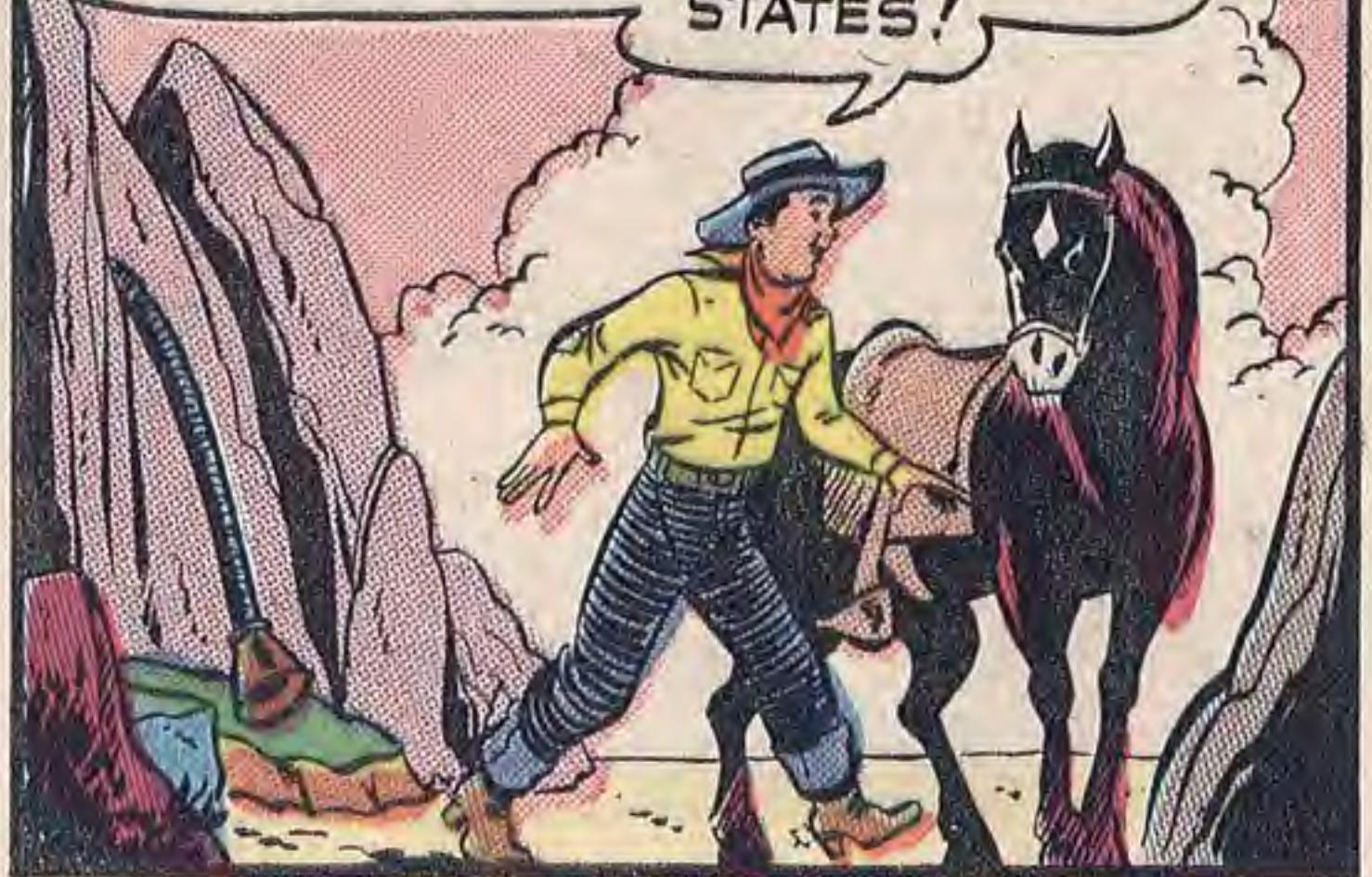
YEOW! SUNNY! THOSE BAD MEN — THEY'RE COMING THIS WAY...



MEANWHILE, BEHIND THE TALKING STONE HORSE...

THOSE YOUNGSTERS DON'T KNOW I'M A GOVERNMENT INVESTIGATOR ON THE TRAIL OF THOSE GUNSLICKS — WHO ARE WANTED FOR ROBBERY AND MURDER IN THREE STATES!

GOOD THING I FOUND THAT OLD INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN'S FAKE TALKING HORSE WHILE SCOUTING THIS REGION! I WAS ABLE TO HELP THE KIDS WITHOUT SHOWING MYSELF WHEN I SPOTTED THOSE CROOKS RIDING THIS WAY — HEY! WHAT THE...?

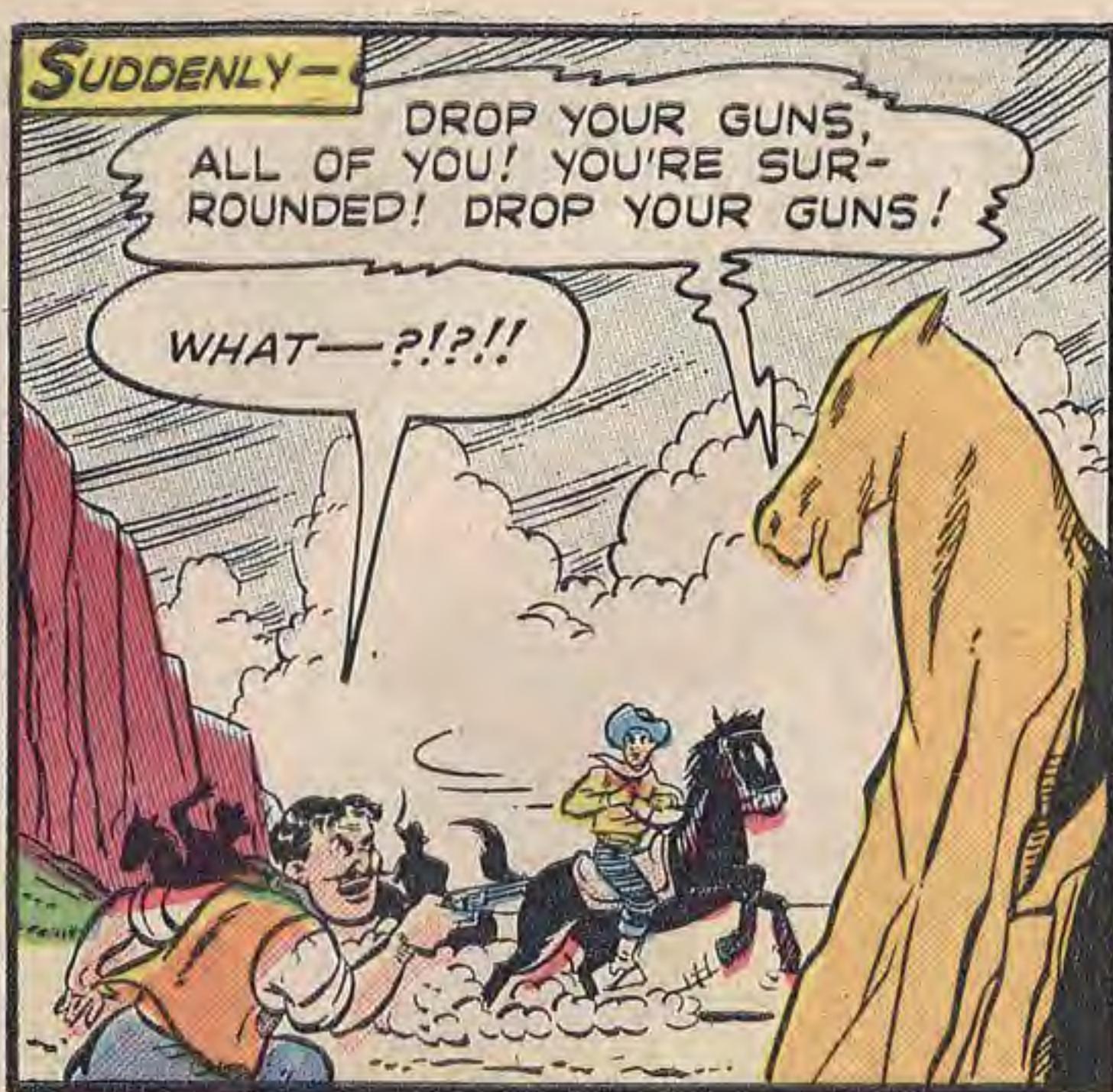


SUDDENLY—

DROP YOUR GUNS,
ALL OF YOU! YOU'RE SUR-
ROUNDED! DROP YOUR GUNS!

WHAT—?!?!!

THAT DIVERSION WAS
JUST WHAT I NEEDED...!



JUST THEN THE RANCH HANDS
ARRIVE...

LOOKS LIKE
WE ARRIVED
JUST IN TIME!

ALL RIGHT,
YOU COYOTES!
REACH FOR
THE CLOUDS!

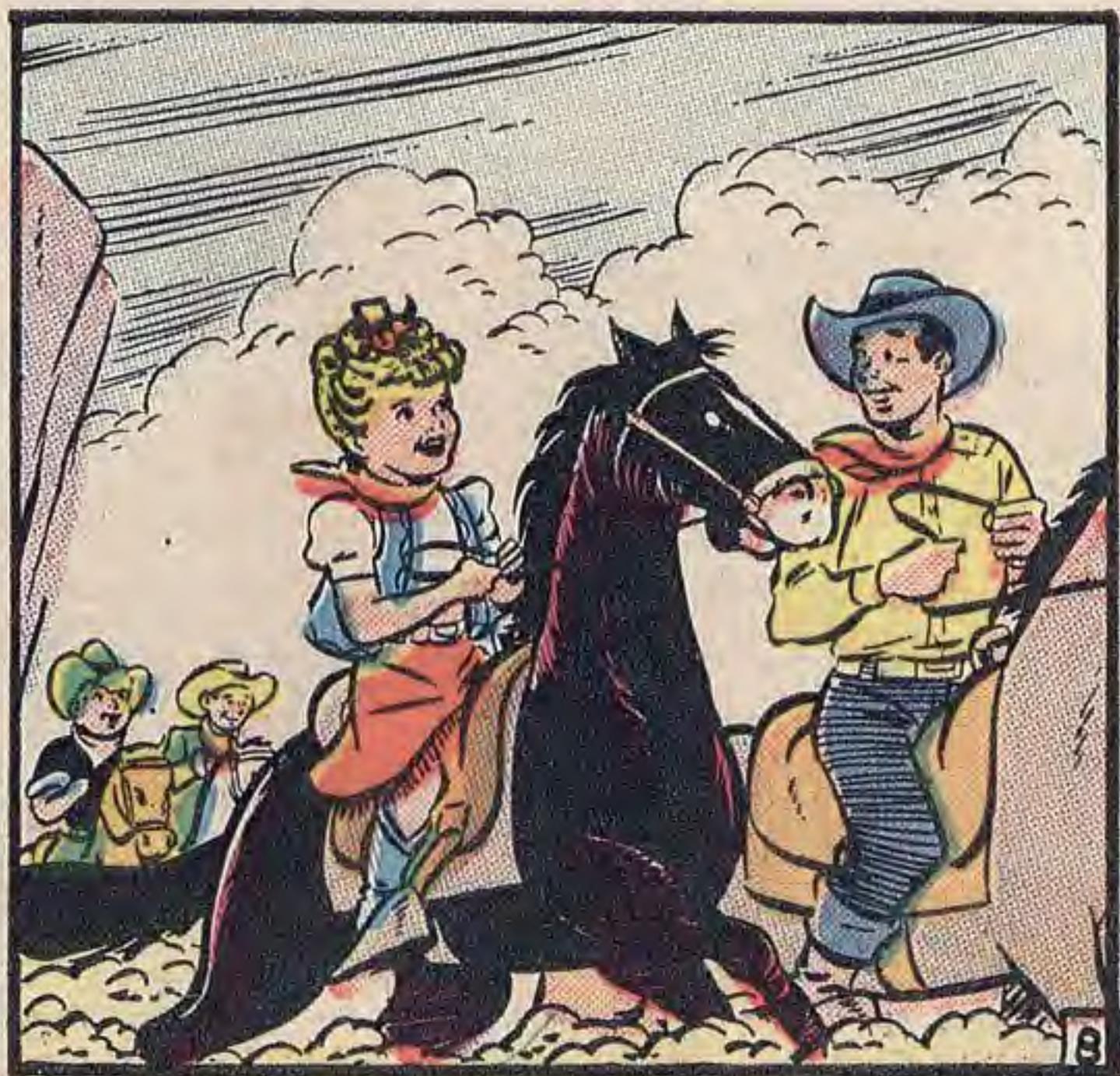


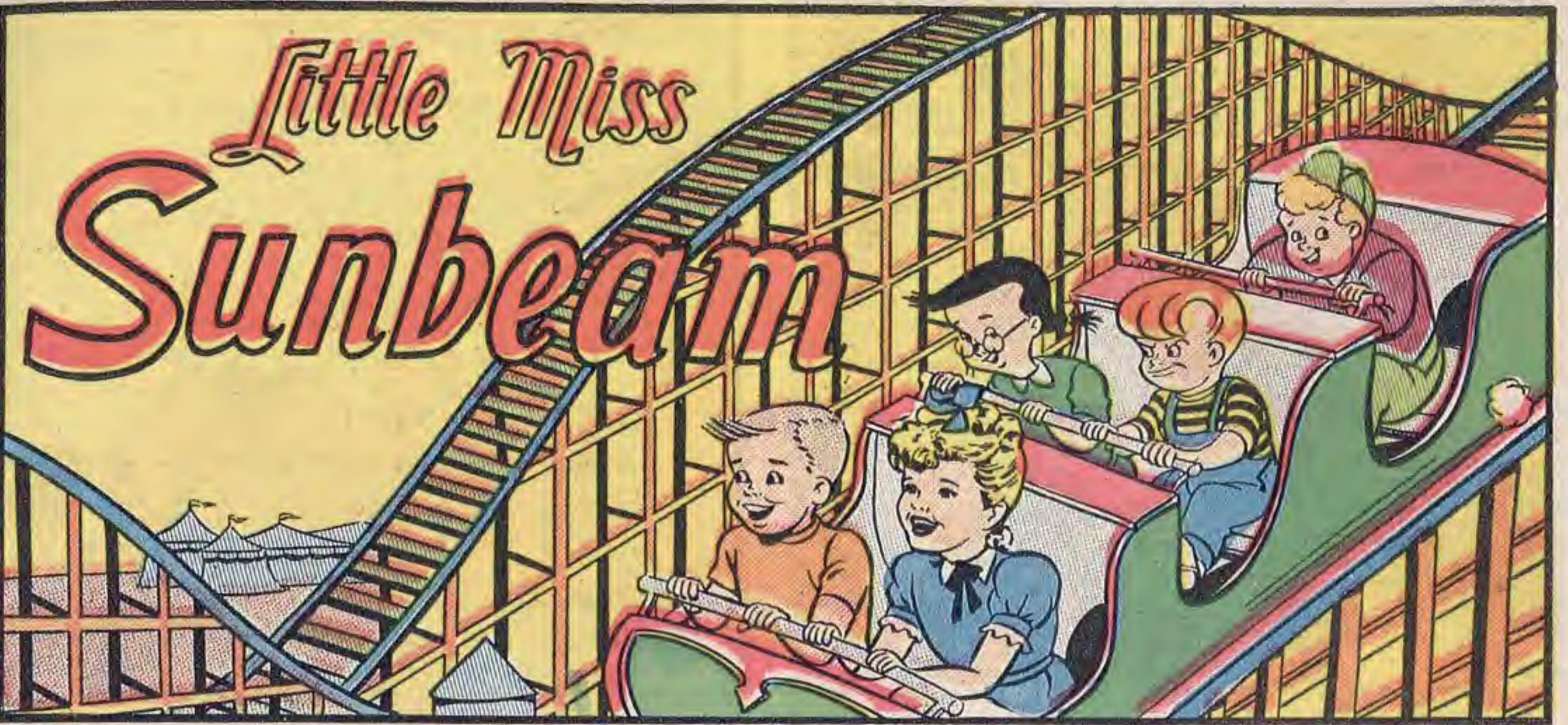
GLAD TO SEE YOU, BOSS!
THE KIDS ARE ALL
RIGHT! THEY'RE IN
BACK OF THAT STONE
HORSE!



THANKS FOR SAVING MY LIFE, SUNNY!
WHENEVER YOU
WANT A FAVOR,
LET ME KNOW!

A FAVOR? ...
WILL YOU LET
ME RIDE BLAZE
ON THE WAY BACK...!





YES, SIR! PHOTOGRAPHY EDITOR! I'M WILLING TO START AT ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK... AND WORK UP, OF COURSE!

UHHH...



MEANWHILE, AT SUNNY'S SCHOOL...

OH, BOY— THE COUNTY FAIR!

I'M RIDING ON THE FERRIS WHEEL, FIRST THING!

I WANNA EAT SOMETHING FIRST!

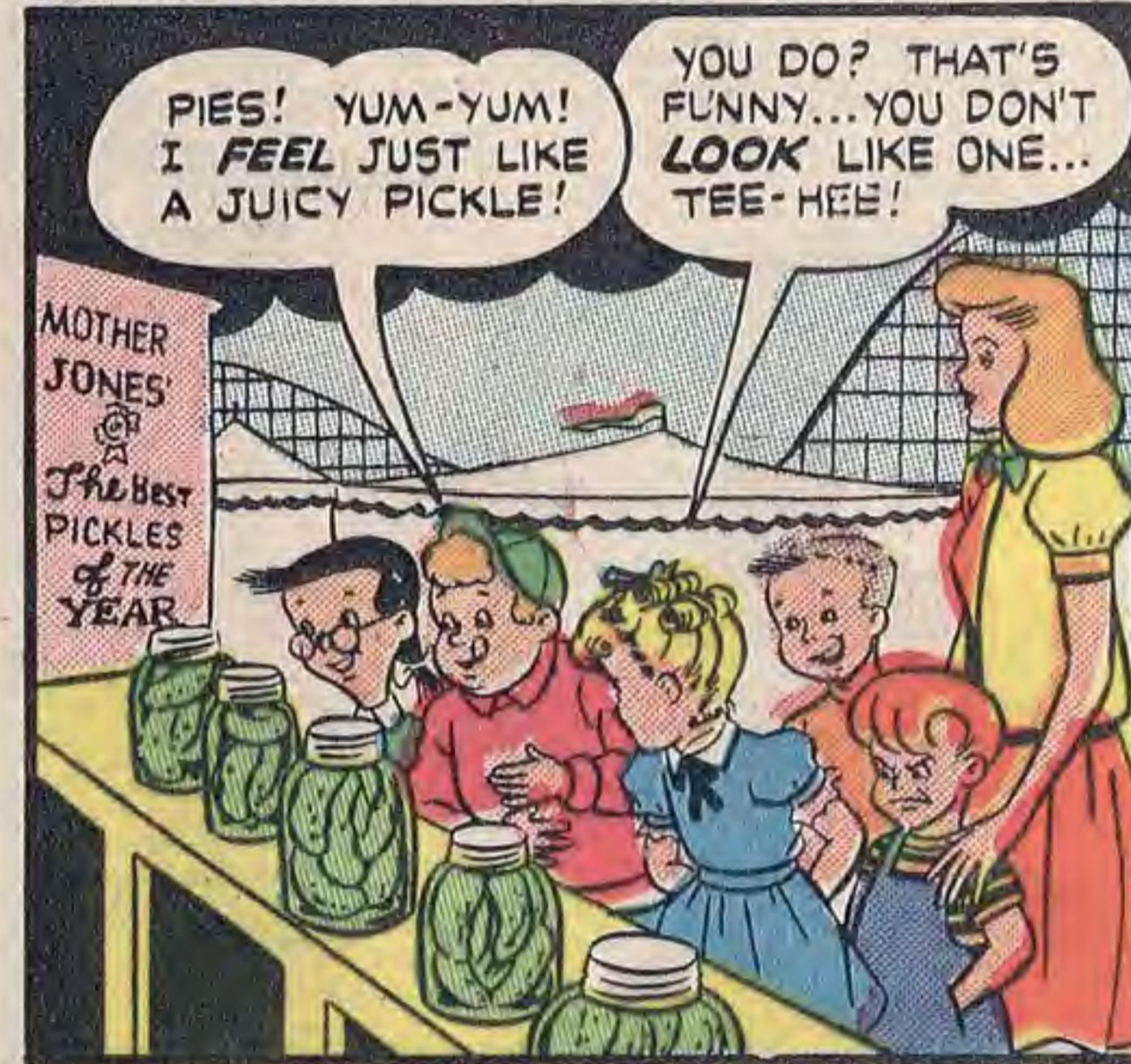
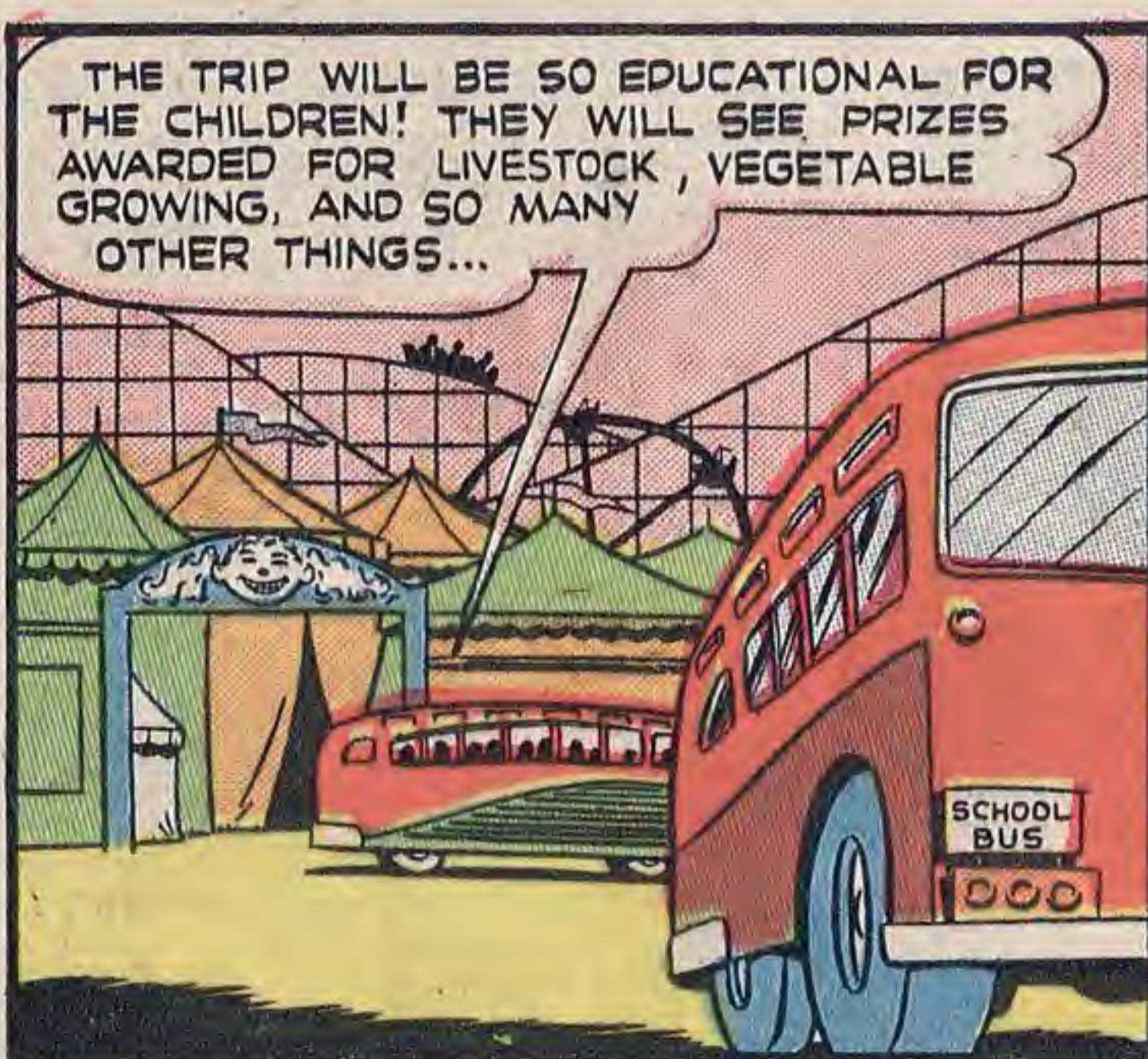


AT THE EXHIBITS IN THE FAIR...

PIES! YUM-YUM!
I FEEL JUST LIKE
A JUICY PICKLE!

YOU DO? THAT'S FUNNY... YOU DON'T LOOK LIKE ONE... TEE-HEE!

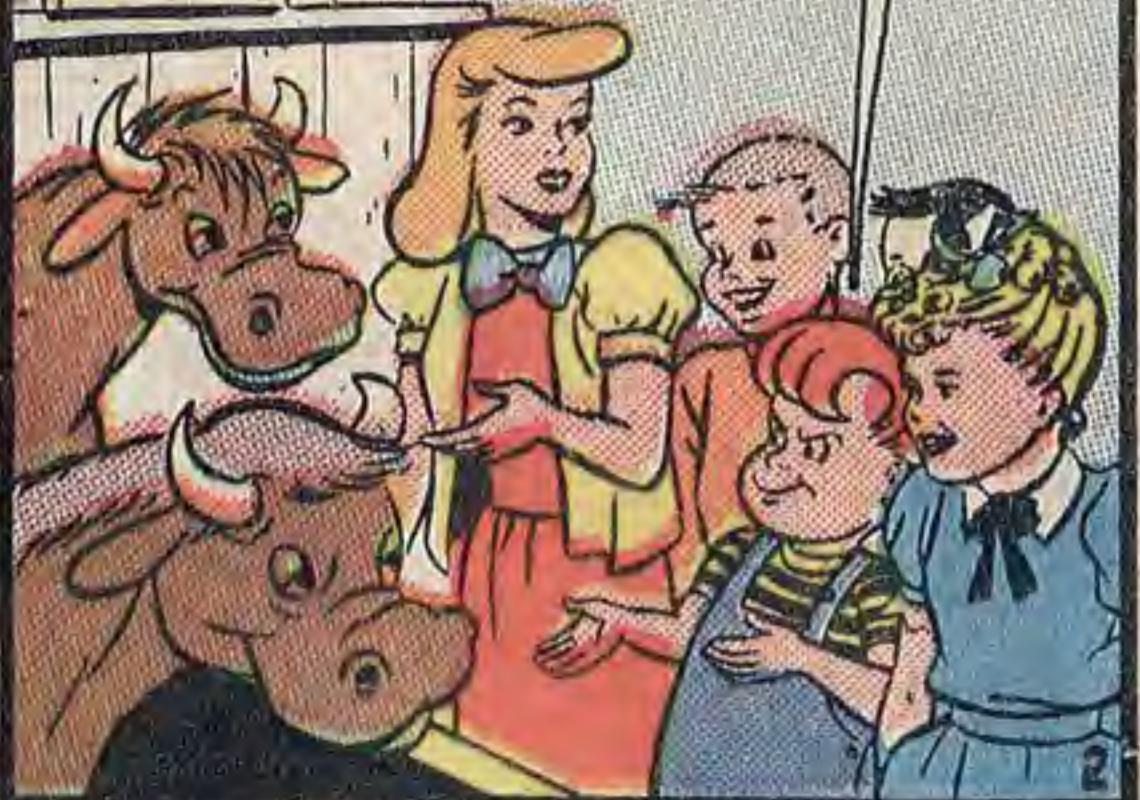
MOTHER JONES
The Best
PICKLES
of the
YEAR



CAN ANYONE TELL ME WHAT THEY USE COWHIDE FOR?

THAT'S EASY— TO KEEP THE COW TOGETHER!

PRIZE WINNING COWS!



MEANWHILE, IN ANOTHER PART OF THE FAIR...

SEE THAT, BOYS?
PRIZE DAY! THAT MEANS THEY GOT PLENTY OF CASH ON HAND FOR THE HUNDRED-DOLLAR FIRST PRIZE AWARDS!

NOT ONLY THAT,
BUT THERE'S A LOT OF PAID ADMISSIONS!
PLENTY OF FOLKS WANT TO BE ON HAND FOR THOSE PRIZES!

PRIZE DAY
DON'T MISS IT!



LOOK!
THE FERRIS,
WHEEL!

LET'S GO!

COME ON, BOYS!
CASHIER'S BOX IS UP AHEAD!



OKAY, SISTER! JUST REACH IN AND BRING OUT THE GREENBACKS!

AND DON'T YELL—OR YOU'LL NEVER MAKE ANOTHER SOUND!

TINKER—LOOK! THOSE MEN WE PASSED DOWN BELOW ARE HOLDING UP THE CASHIER!

CREEPERS! CROOKS!



HEYYY, KIDS! GET OUT THE ARTILLERY! THERE'S A ROBBERY GOING ON!

GIMME ROOM—I'VE BEEN WANTING TO TRY OUT THIS NEW BEANSHOOTER FOR A LONG TIME!

I'LL TAKE THE BAG NOW, SISTER!

—YEEEOOW!



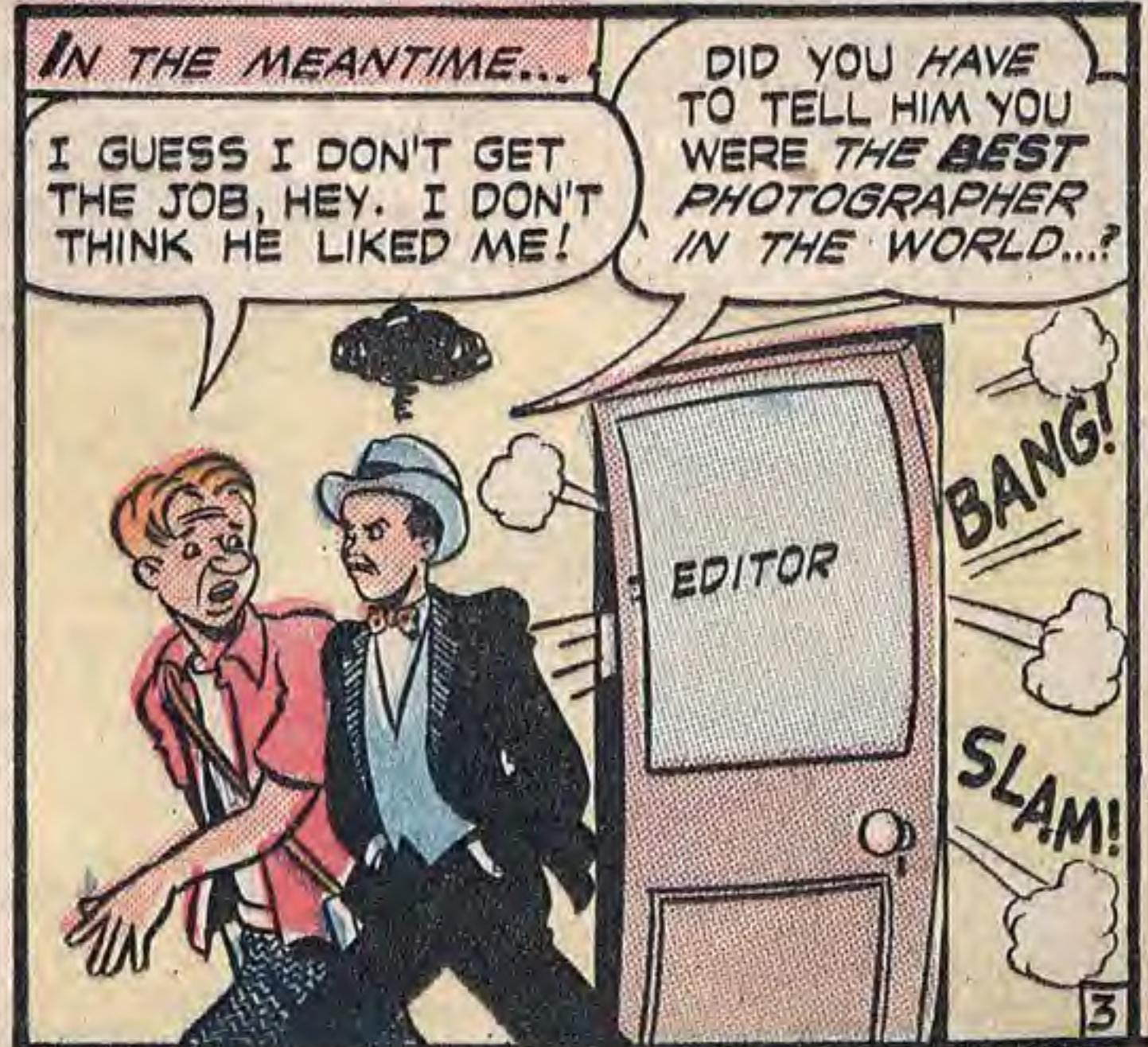
WHAT'SA IDEA PINCHIN' ME?

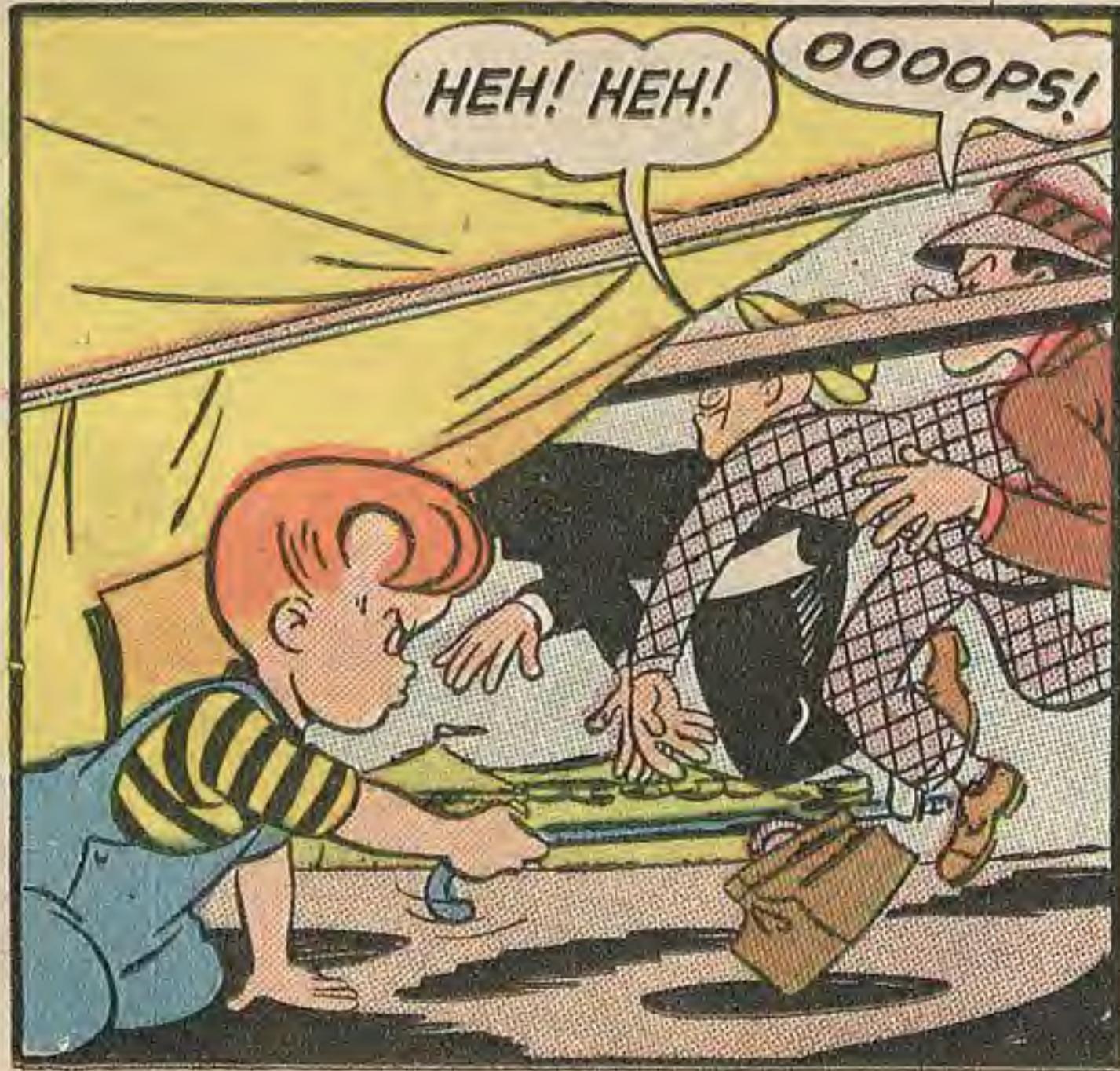
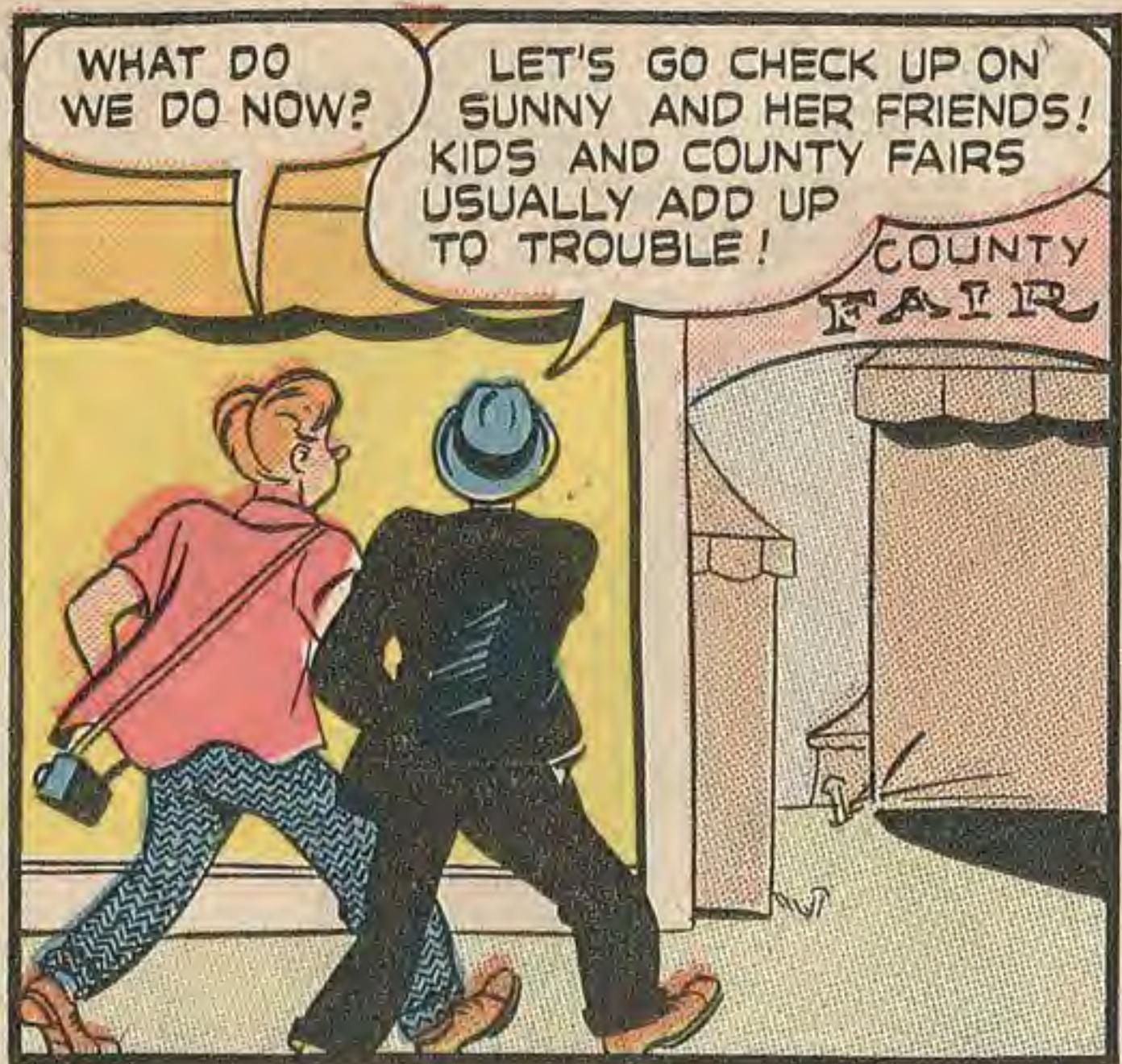
YOU MUST BE NUTS!
I NEVER — YIIIII!

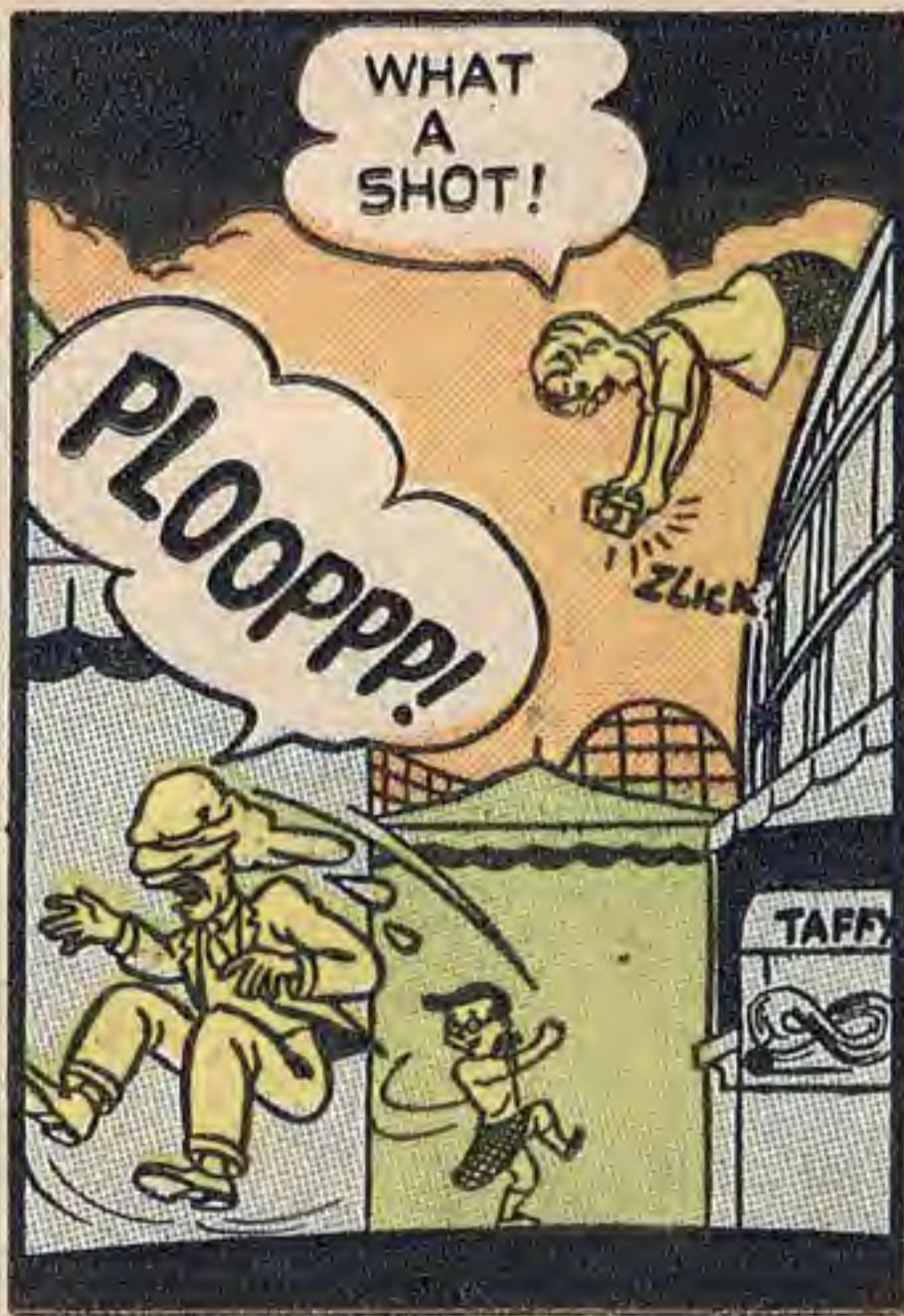
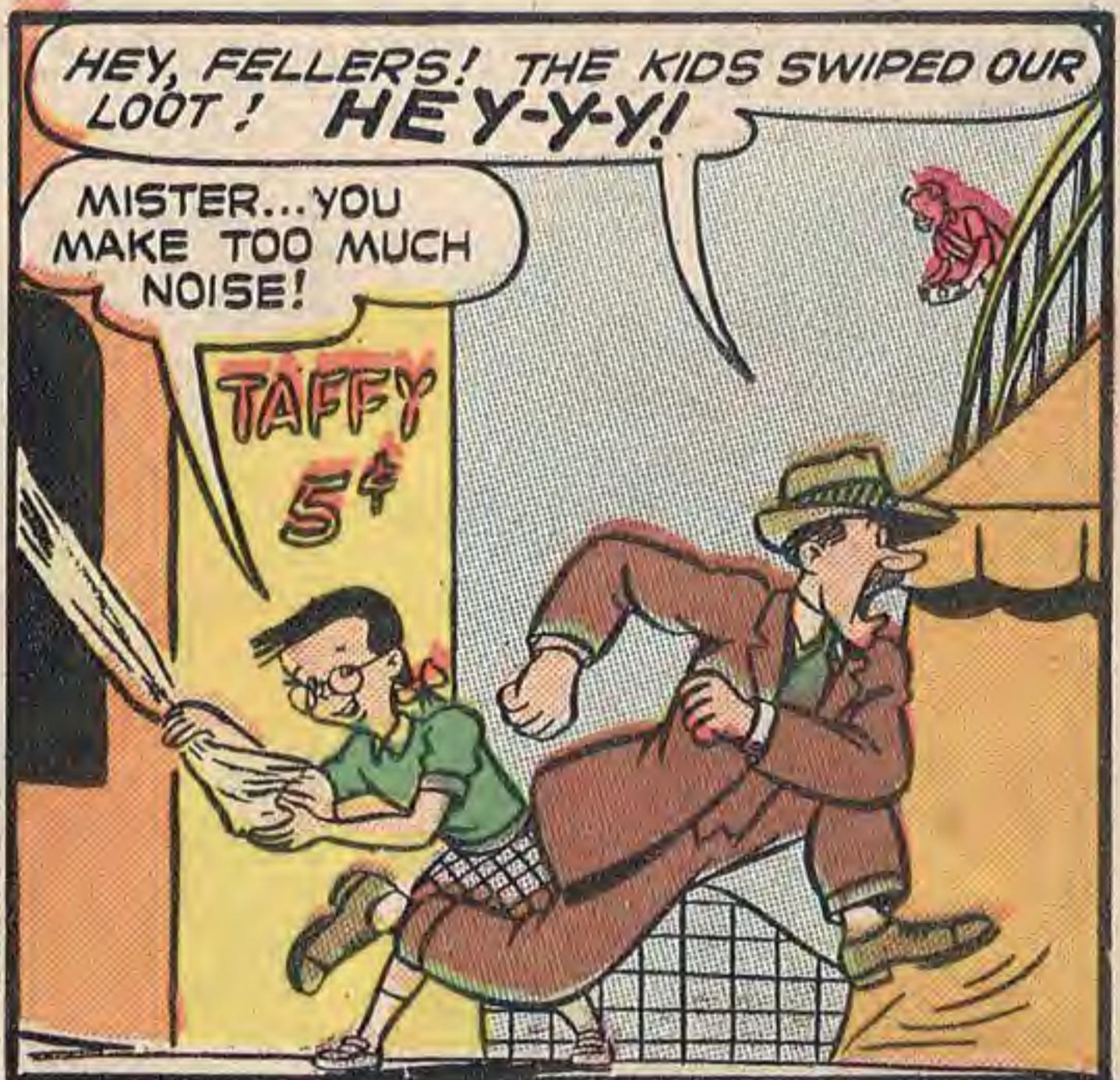
IN THE MEANTIME...

I GUESS I DON'T GET THE JOB, HEY. I DON'T THINK HE LIKED ME!

DID YOU HAVE TO TELL HIM YOU WERE THE **BEST** PHOTOGRAPHER IN THE WORLD...?









I GUESS THEY DON'T KNOW THE SECRET OF THE REVOLVING BARREL, WHICH IS TO RUN IN THE DIRECTION IN WHICH IT IS TURNING!

WH-WHAT, TH---!



SUNNY! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

SOMEBODY SHUT THIS THING OFF!

I'M GETTIN' SICK!



WE SAVED THE COUNTY FAIR PRIZE MONEY, DADDY!
IT'S IN THIS BAG!

WHAT A STORY!
SCHOOL KIDS SAVE FAIR FROM RUIN! AND NOT A SINGLE PHOTOGRAPHER ON HAND!
JUST MY LUCK!



WILL YOU GIVE COUSIN ELMER THAT JOB AS PHOTO EDITOR AT A HUNDRED DOLLARS A WEEK IF YOU GET SNAPSHOTS OF THE WHOLE AFFAIR?

YES, YES! I'LL SELL A MILLION COPIES WITH THOSE PHOTOS!



YOUR CAMERA, COUSIN ELMER! I SAW YOU PHOTOGRAPHING THE WHOLE THING!

GULP! BUT ONE OF THE CROOKS TOOK MY CAMERA AWAY FROM ME AND SMASHED IT!

OHHH-NO!!

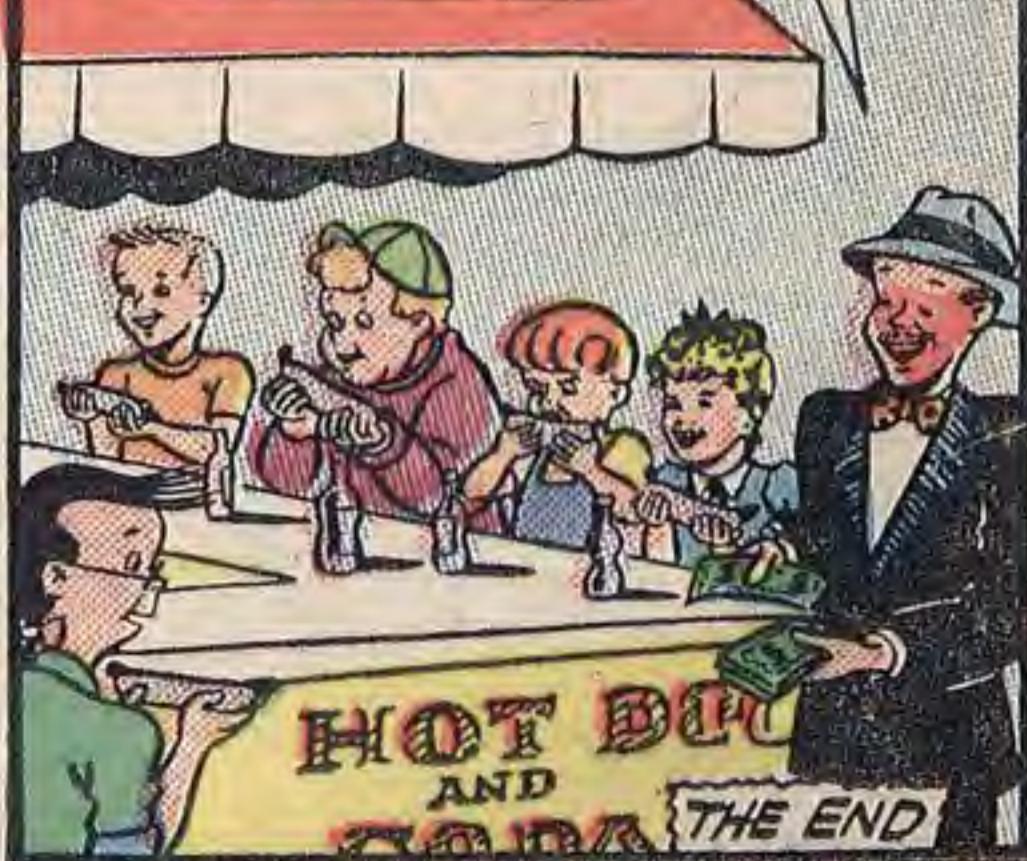
HERE'S COUSIN ELMER'S CAMERA, DADDY! TINKER CAUGHT IT WHEN IT FELL INTO HIS ROLLER-COASTER CAR!

PHEW!
OKAY...
ELMER GETS THE JOB!



SOME HOURS AND SEVERAL DOZEN HOT DOGS LATER...

ANOTHER ROUND OF HOT DOGS AND SODA POP, POP! AND TOSS IN SOME ICE CREAM CONES, TOO! NOTHING'S TOO GOOD FOR THESE KIDS!



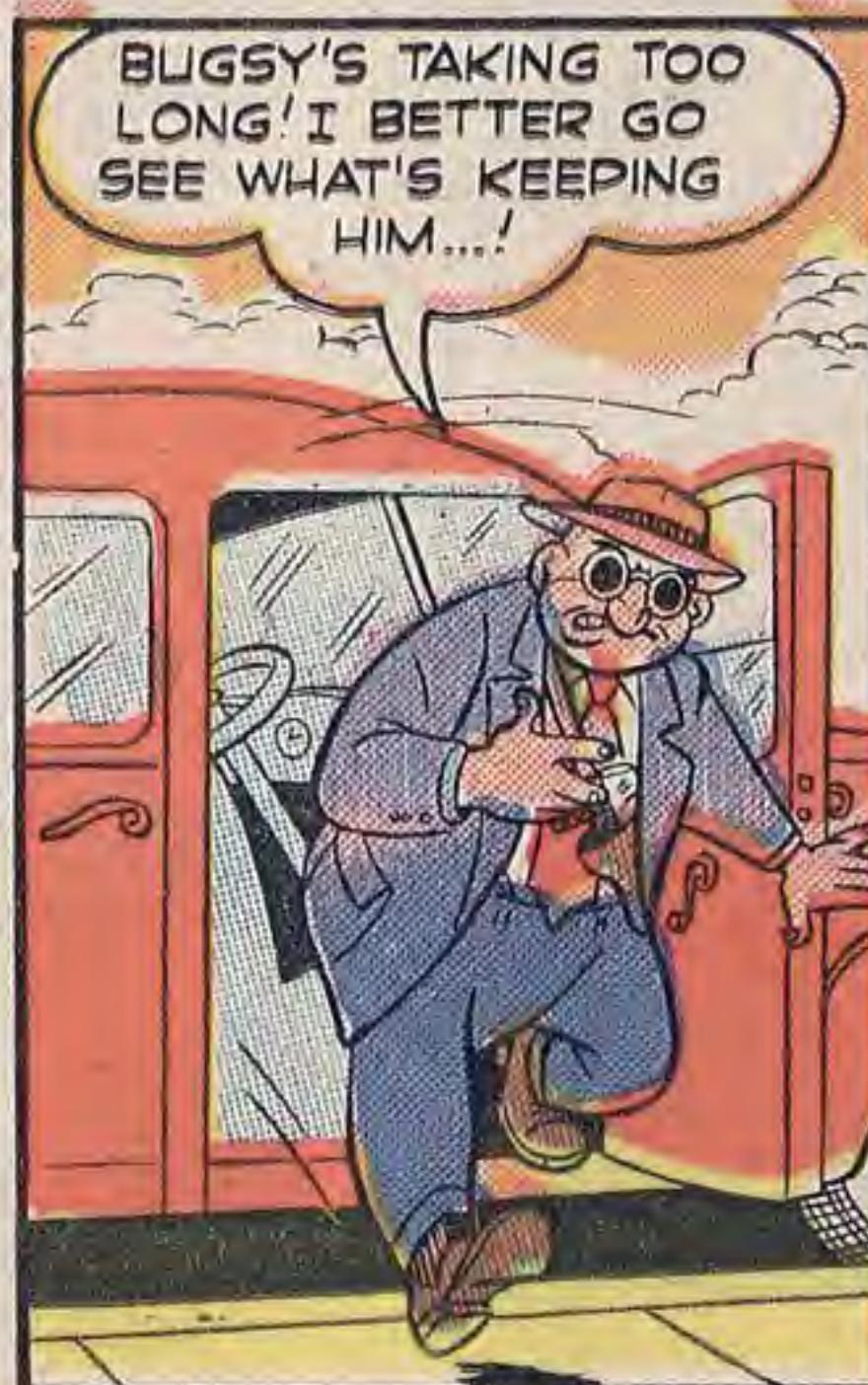
HOT DOG
AND
SODA
THE END

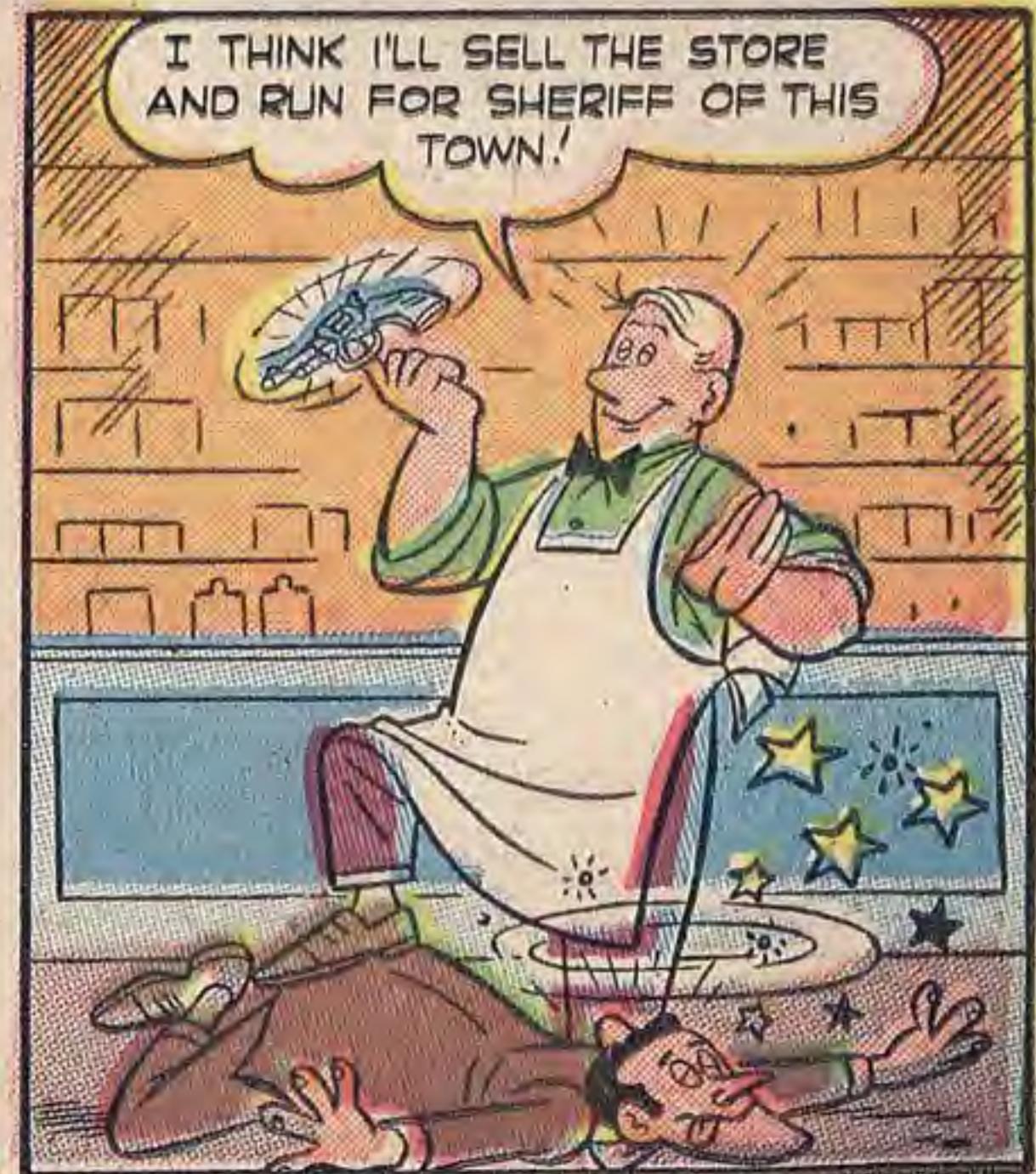
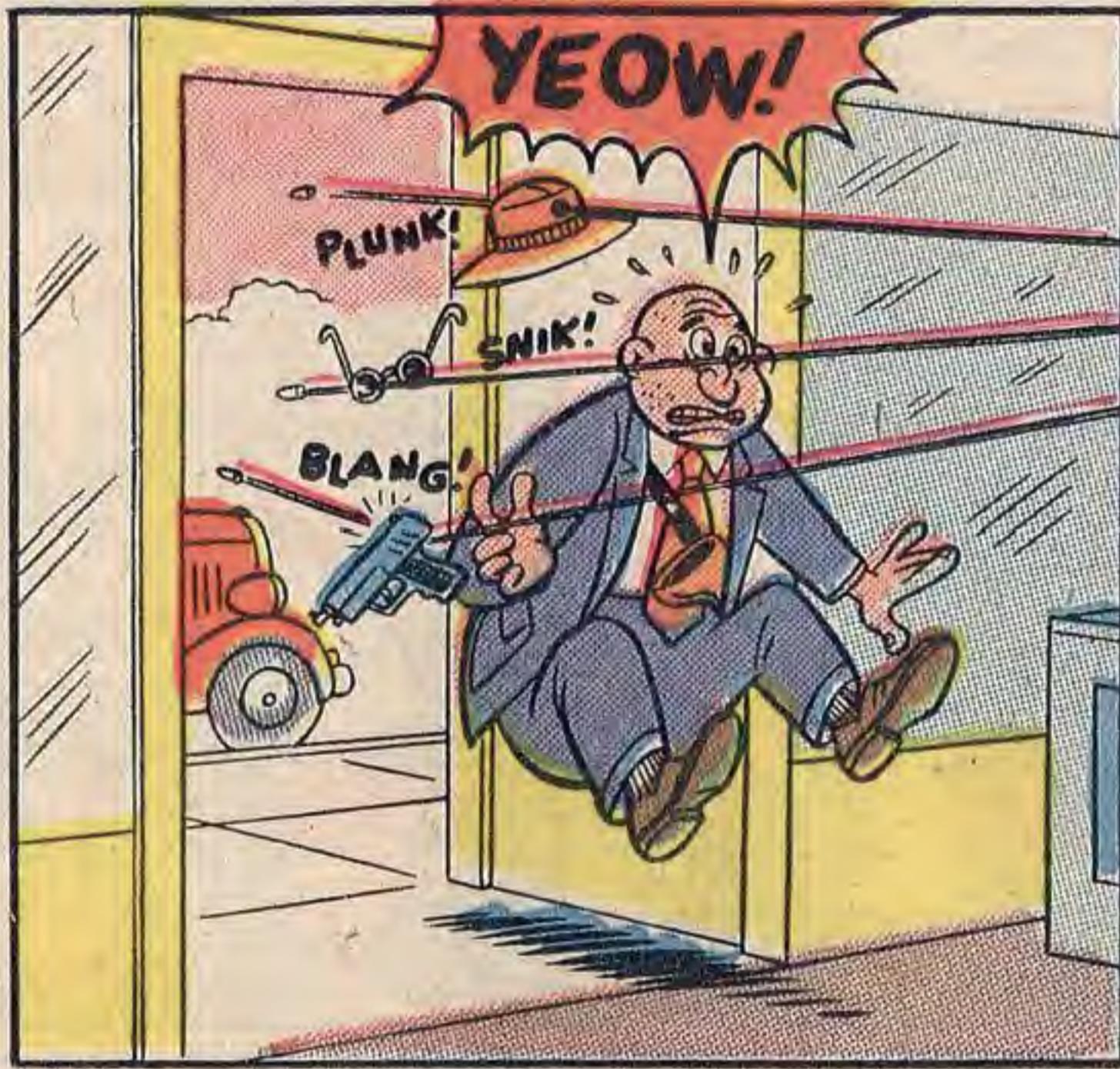
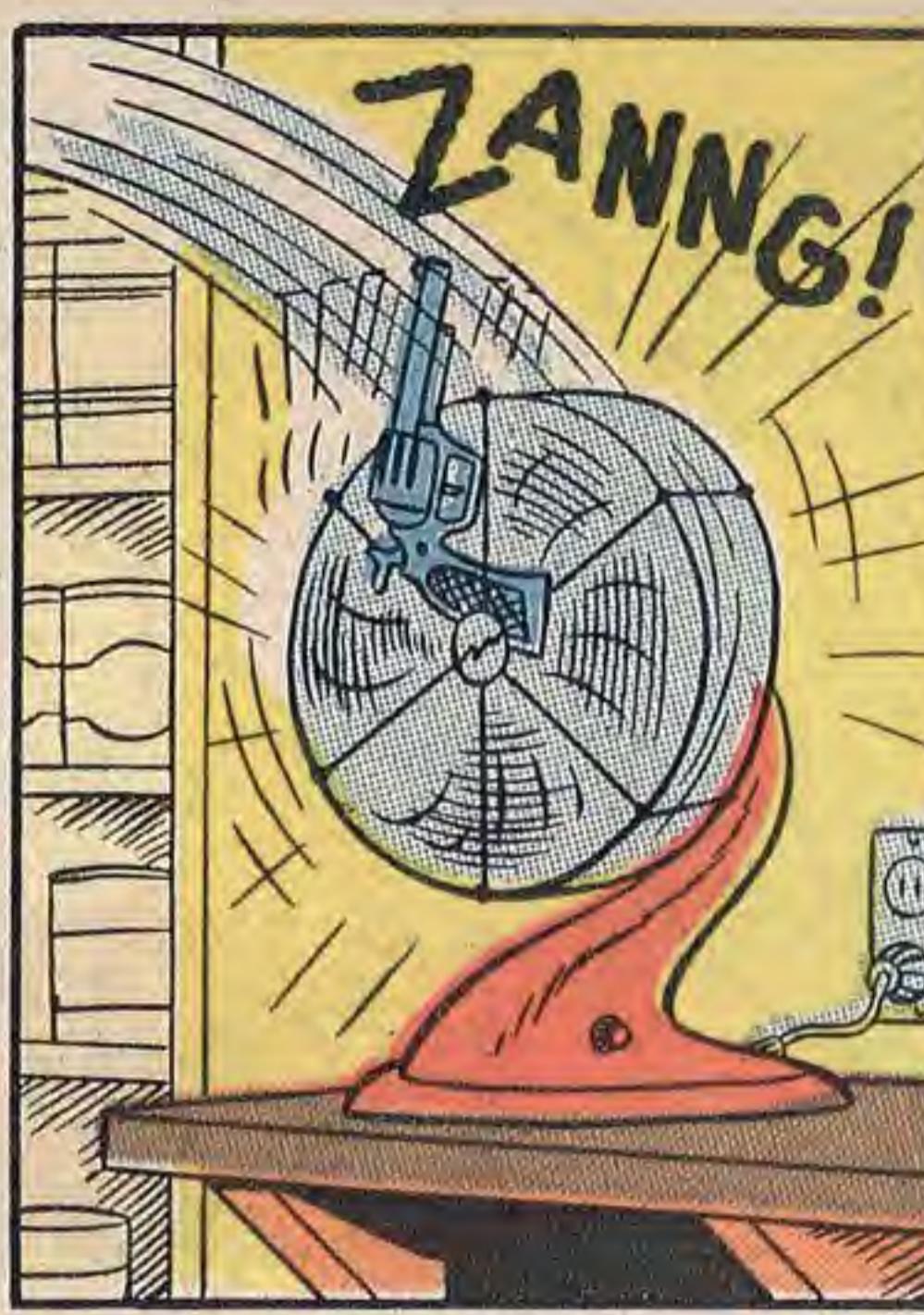
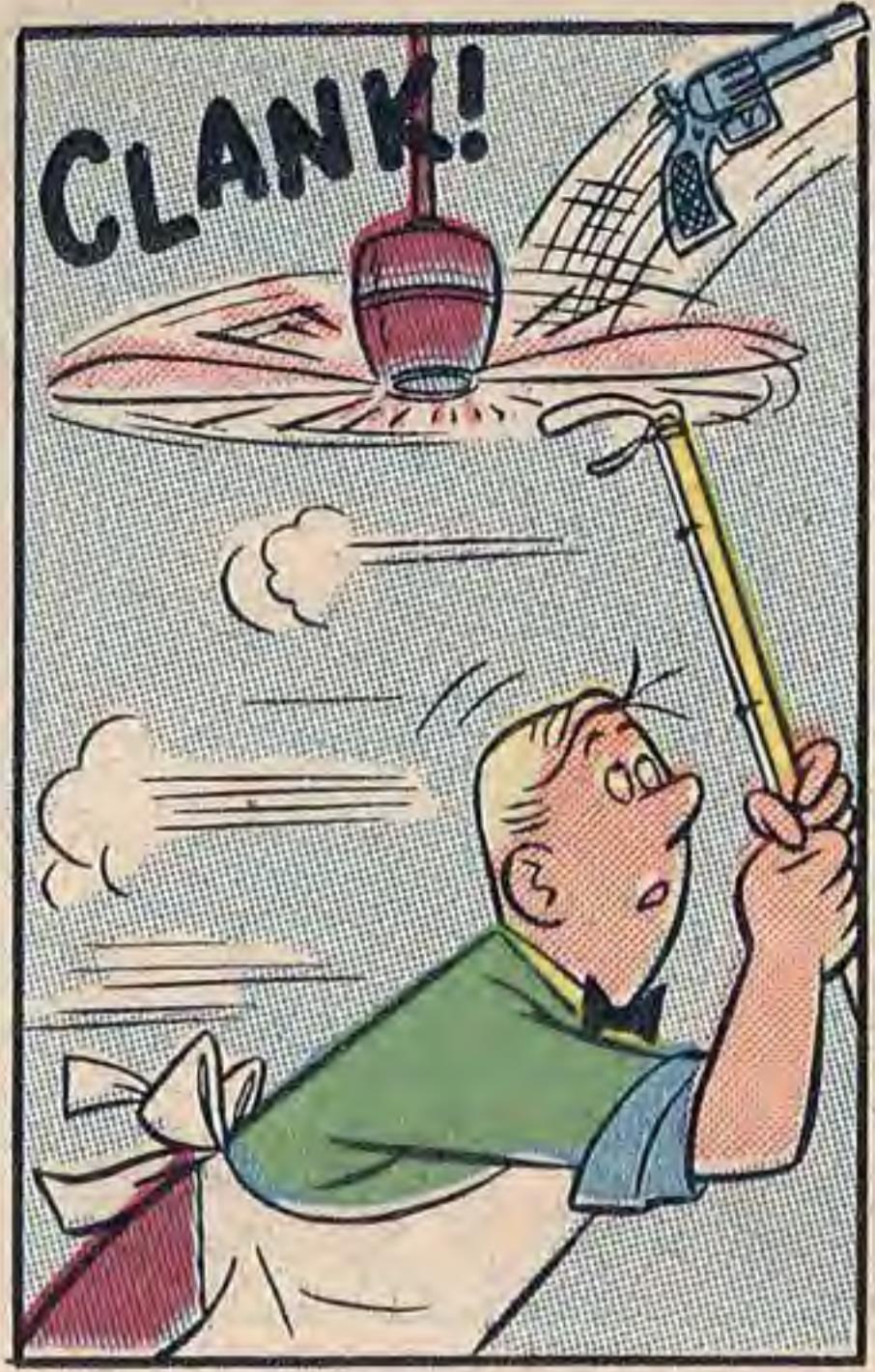
GUS

THE GROCER

SHOOTS THE WORKS!

YOU'RE NEXT,
SIR! CAN I
HELP YOU?

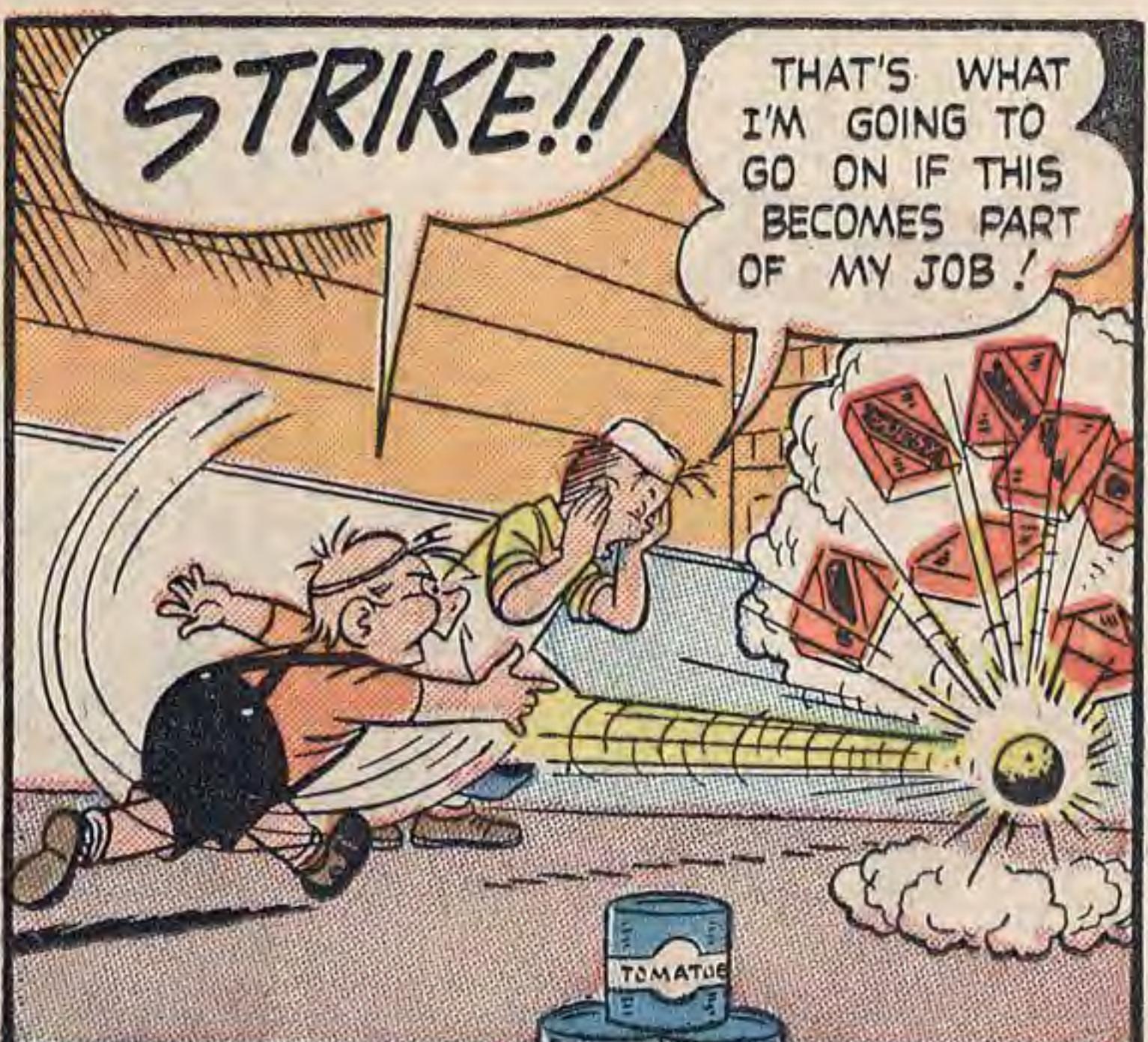
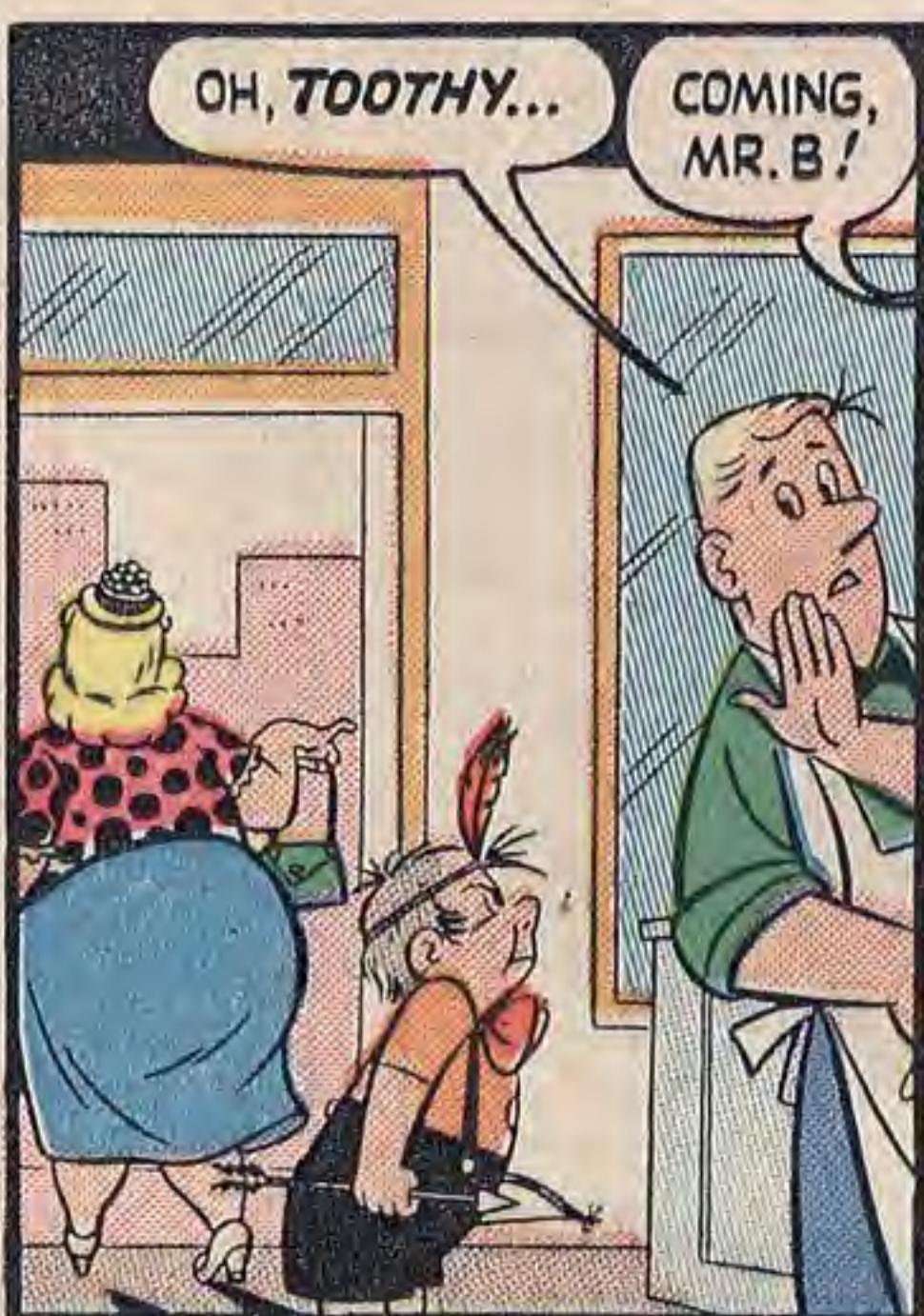


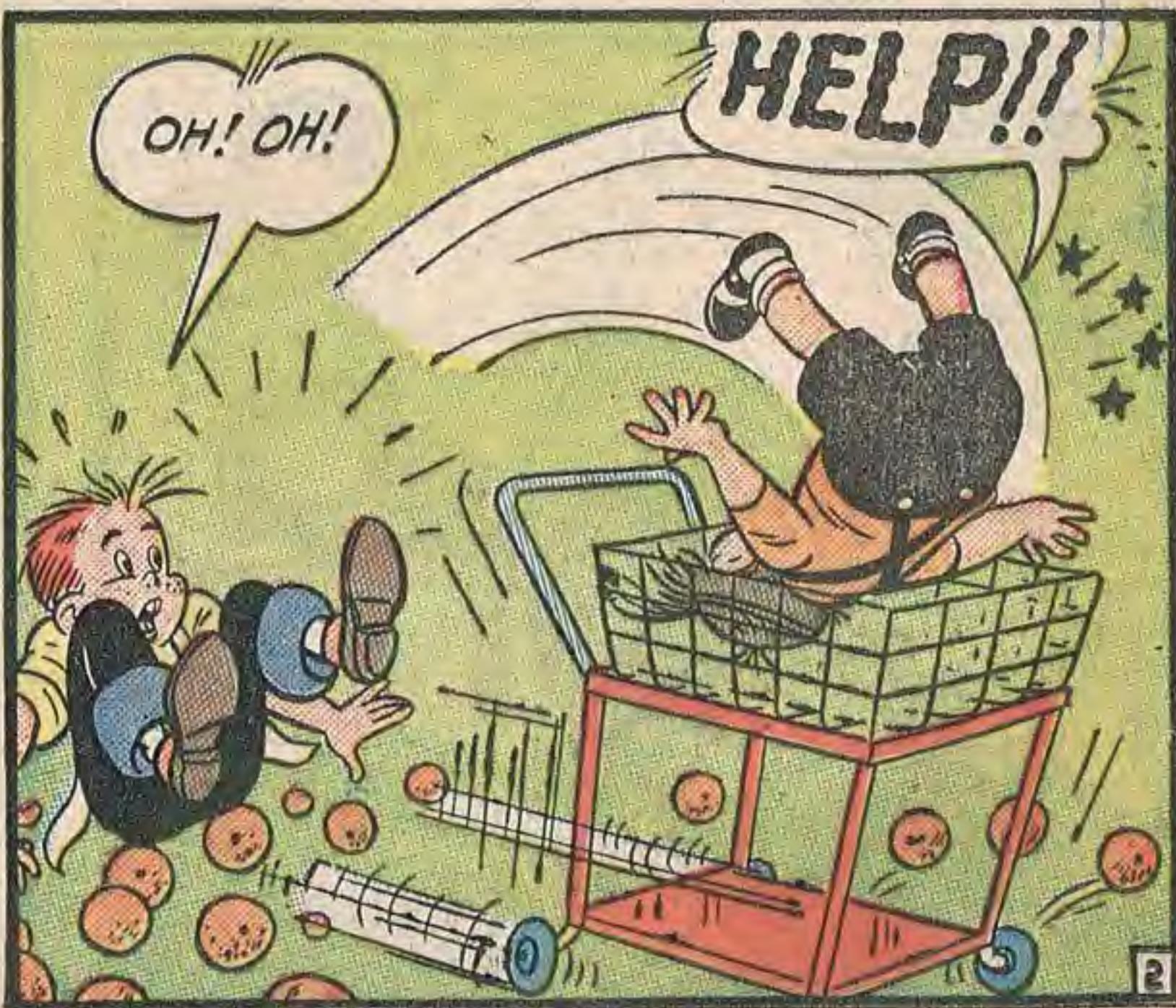
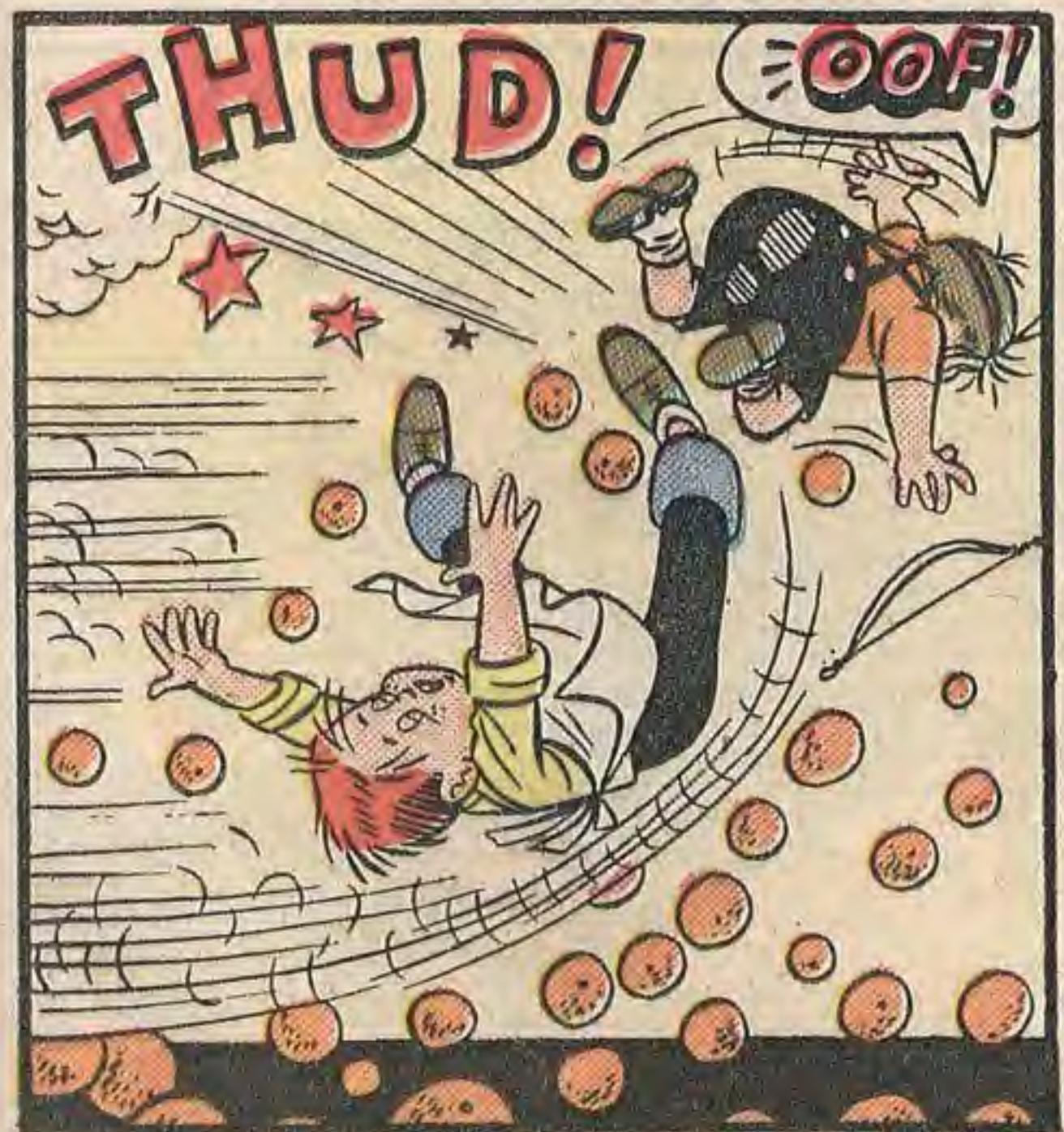


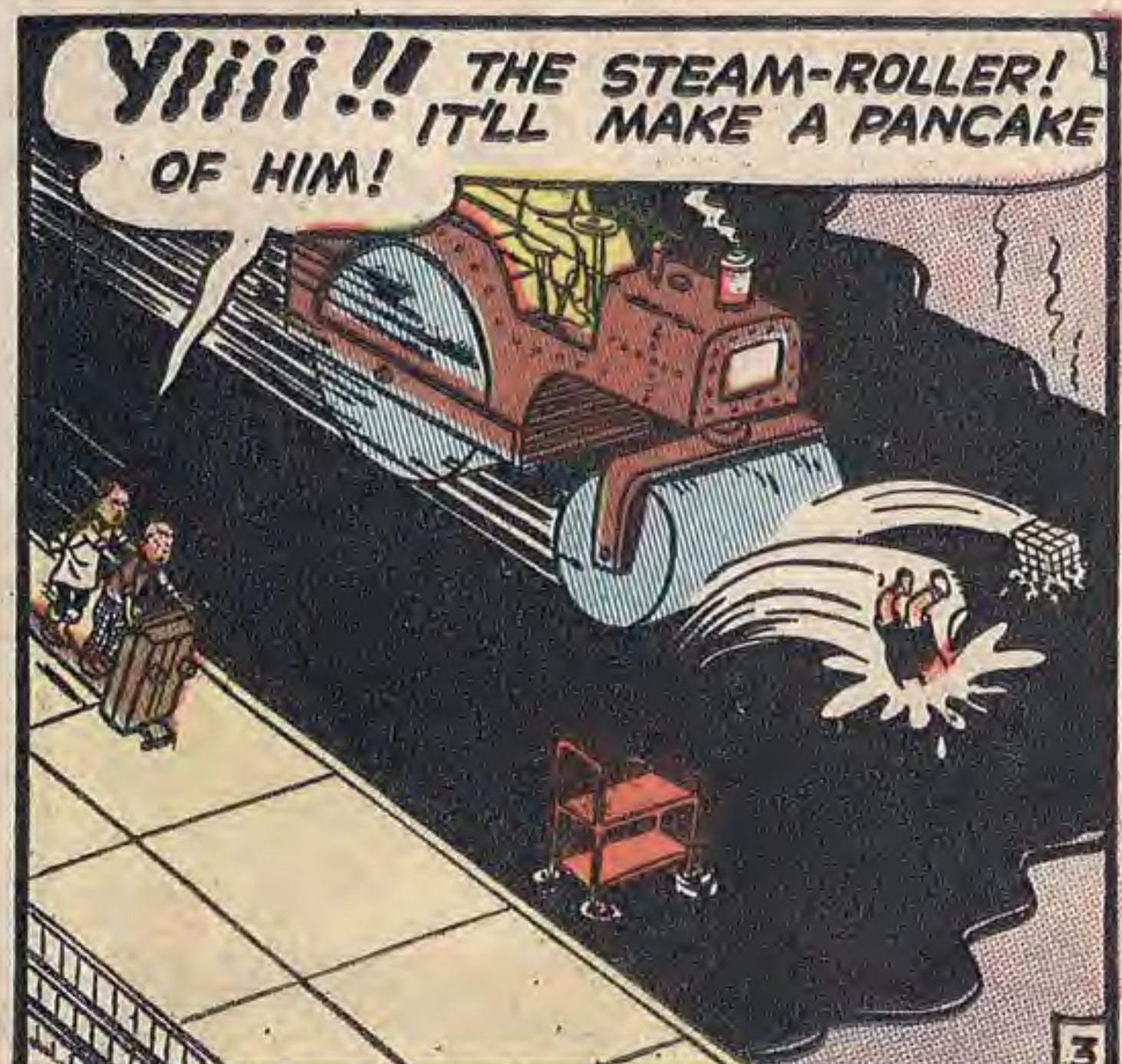
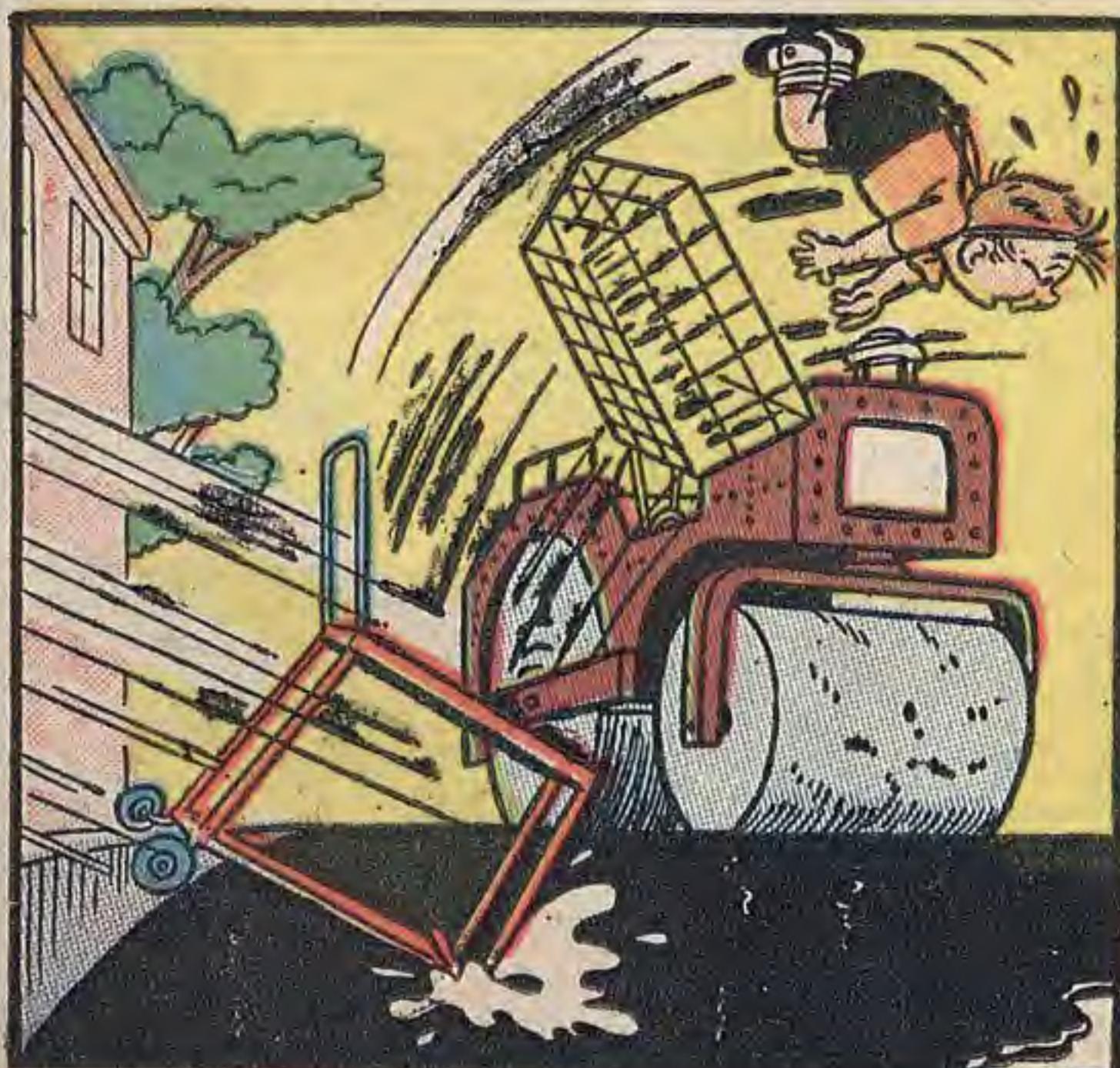
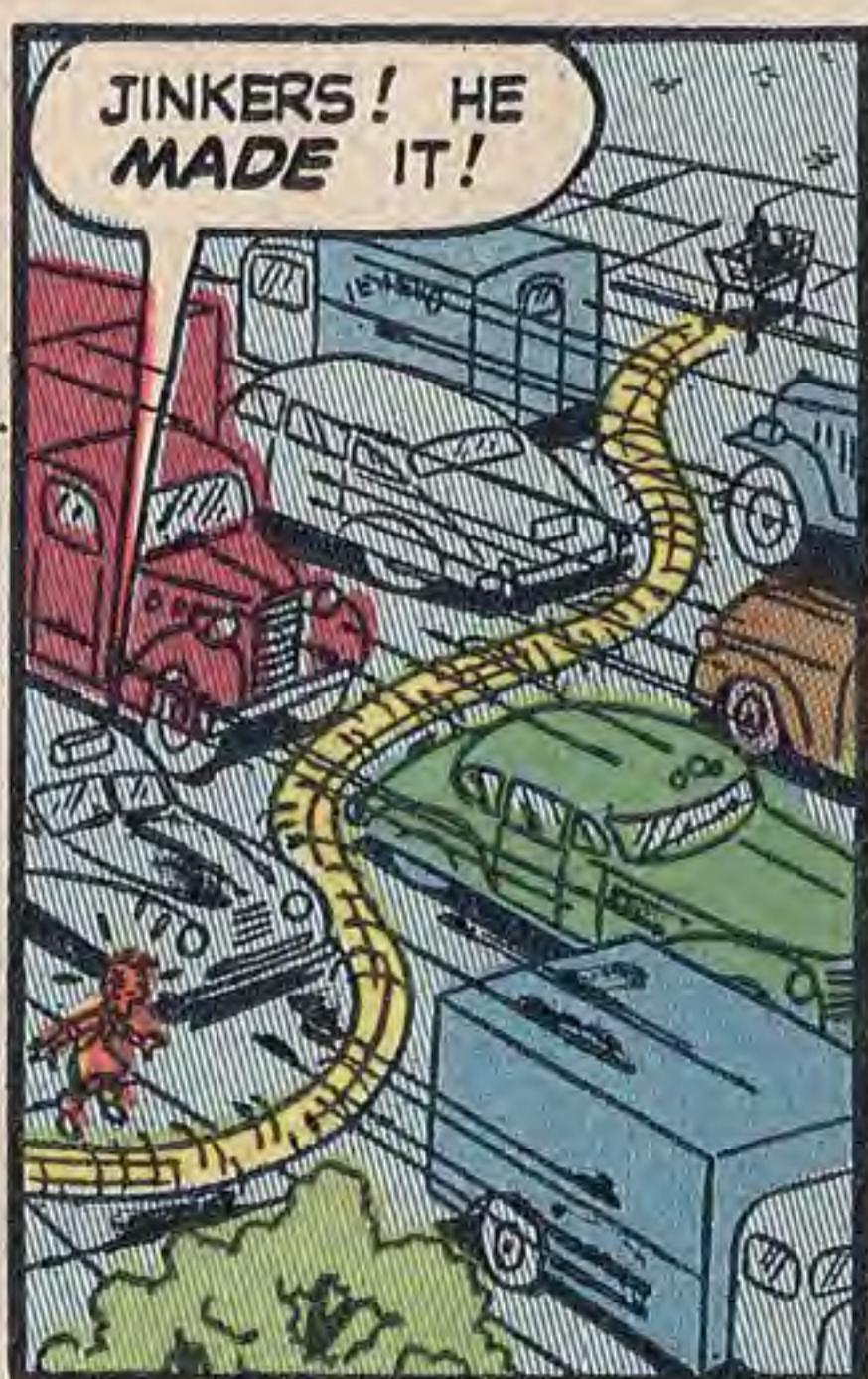
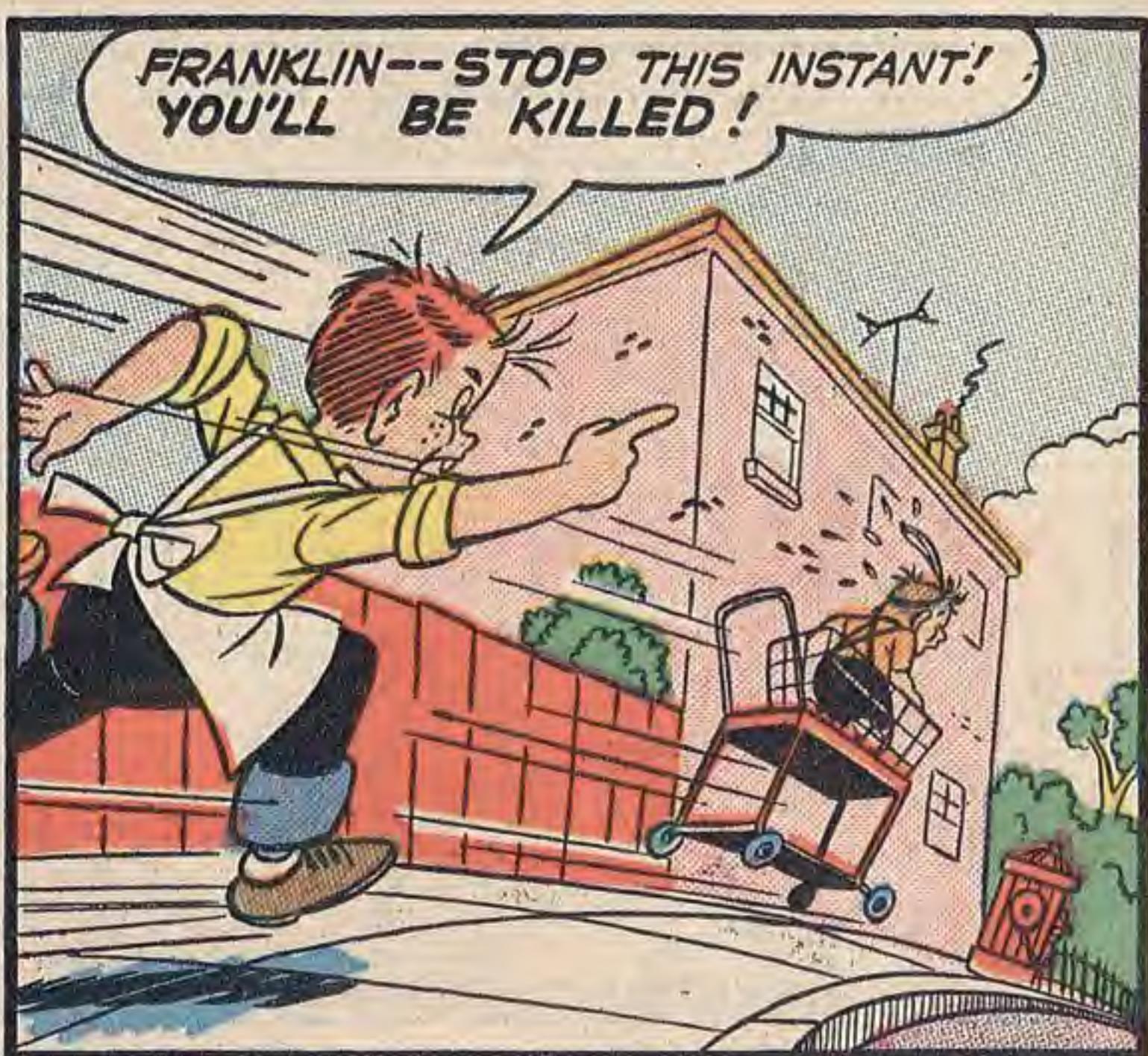
TOOTHY SNYDER, Delivery Boy

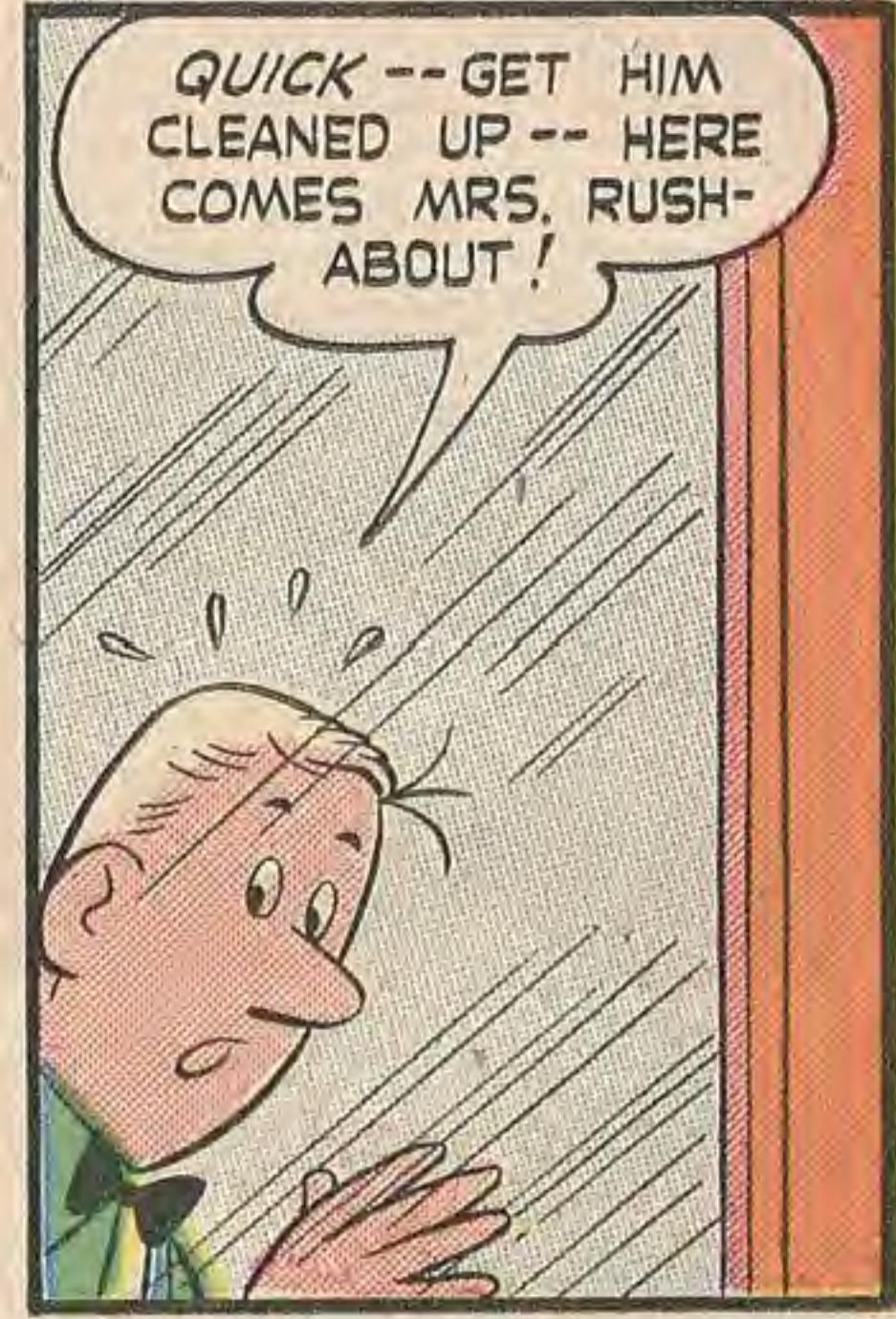
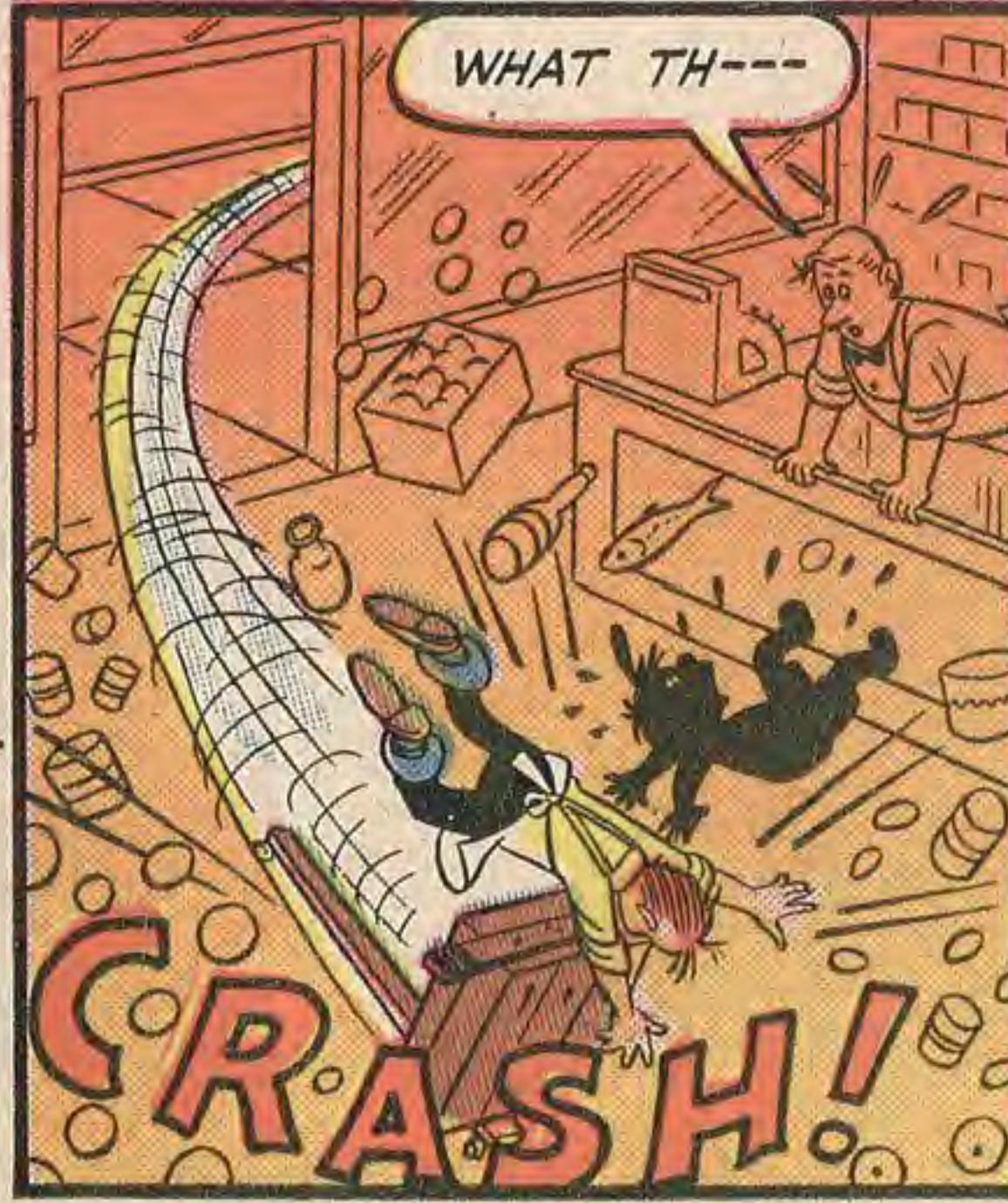
OH, MR. BARNES, WOULD YOU PLEASE MIND MY LITTLE FRANKLIN FOR A FEW MINUTES?

WELL, ER, MRS. RUSHABOUT, I-I-ER, THAT IS...









WAR WHOOPS ON THE SANTA FE TRAIL!

THE SANTA FE TRAIL RAN FROM INDEPENDENCE, MISSOURI TO TAOS, NEW MEXICO. ALONG IT TRUNDLED BIG WAGON TRAINS FILLED WITH TRADE GOODS... SUCH AS THE ONE HEADED BY CAPTAIN BLUNT THAT ROLLED ALONG THE TRAIL IN LATE 1838...

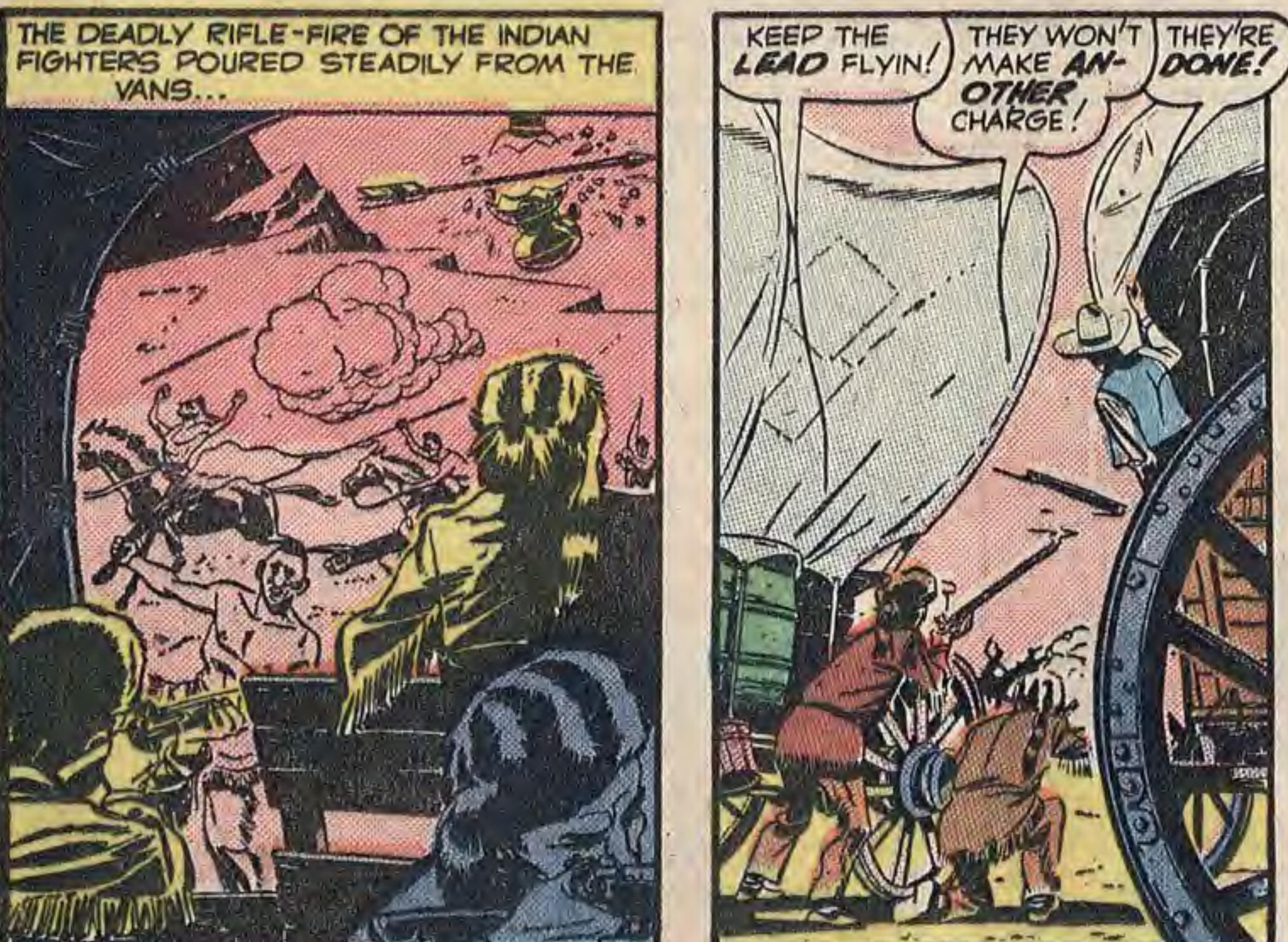
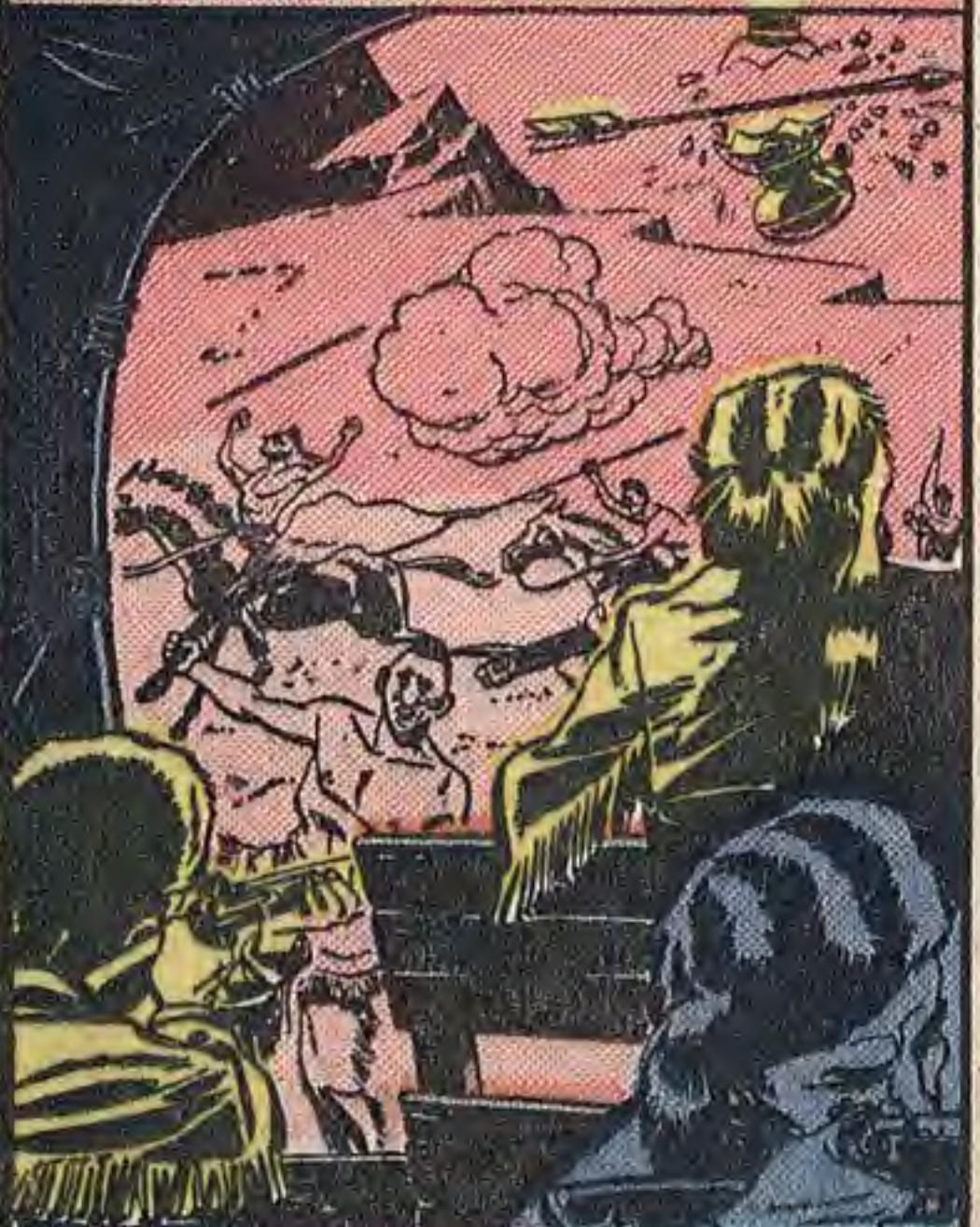
NEXT MORNING AT DAWN A THIN LINE OF BUCK-SKIN-CLAD MEN RANGED INTO VIEW. MOUNTAIN MEN! EXPERT SHOTS, GOOD INDIAN FIGHTERS!

YOU SEEMED TO BE THE LEADER, SIR, EVEN THOUGH YOUR FRIENDS CALL YOU KID. WILL YOU RIDE WITH US...?

I RECKON. FALL IN, BOYS!

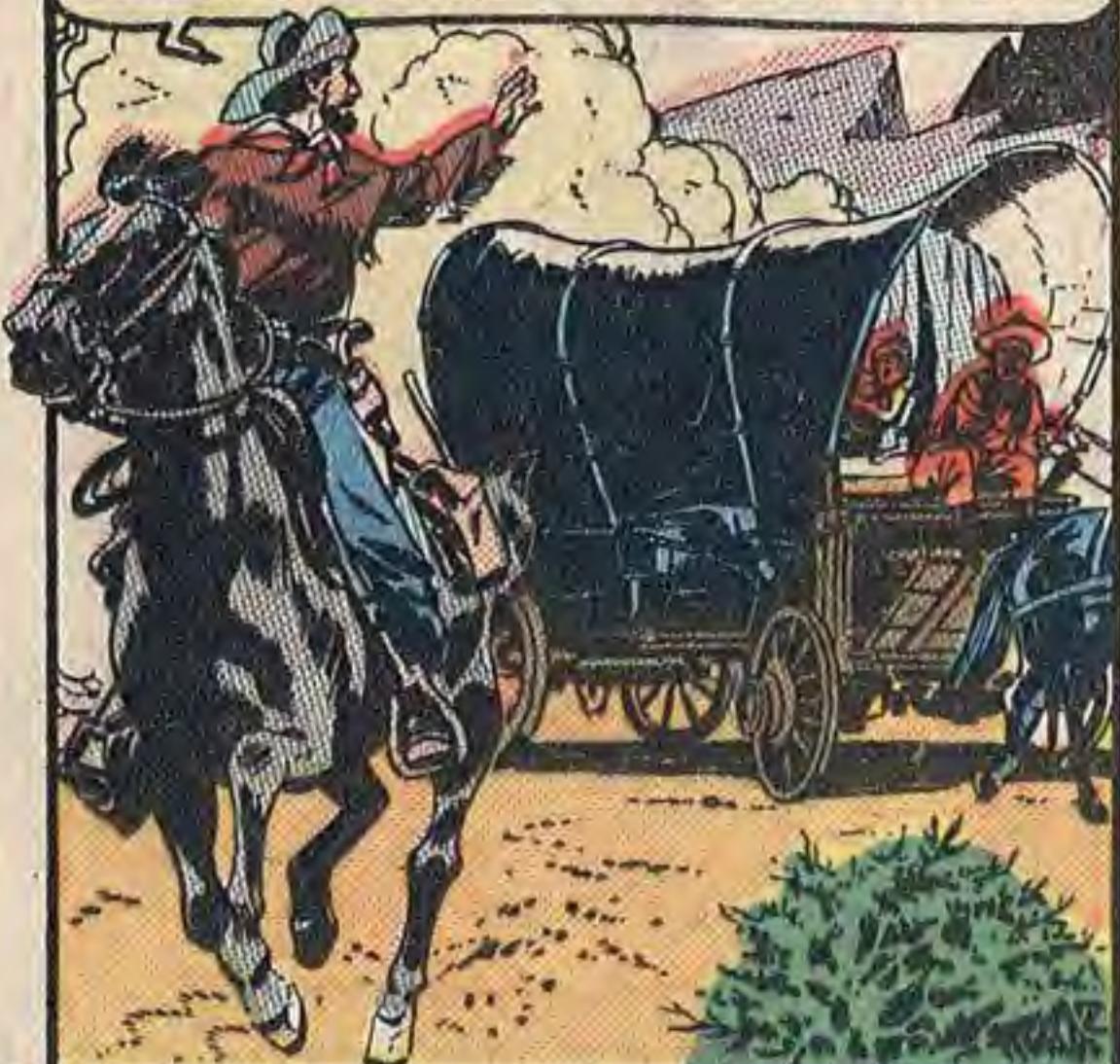


THE DEADLY RIFLE-FIRE OF THE INDIAN FIGHTERS POURED STEADILY FROM THE VANS...



AS THE BLUNT CARAVAN ROLLED ON, WORD CAME IN THAT FIERCE KIOWAS WERE RAIDING...

INJUNS TO THE SOUTH! BETTER GIT TO COVER SOMEWHERE! THERE'S A PLENTY OF 'EM!



SCARCELY WERE THE HARDENED MOUNTAIN MEN IN THE WAGONS THAN HUNDREDS OF WAR-PAINTED KIOWAS CAME INTO SIGHT...



THE KIOWAS, CUT BADLY BY THE ACCURATE RIFLES, FLED. LATER AS THE WAGON TRAIN AND MOUNTAIN MEN PARTED COMPANY...

I WANT TO THANK YOU, KID. WHAT'S YORE LAST NAME? MY NAME ISN'T KID.. IT'S KIT... KIT CARSON!



THE FIRST BOW

YOUNG WOLF choked back the dismay that filled him as he watched the other young Indian boys trotting out of the Sioux camp, their new willow bows gleaming in their hands. Young Wolf had no bow. He was an orphan; and there was no one to make him a fine willow bow and a dozen arrows with which to practice.

If my father were alive, he thought, he would make me a fine bow—a bow that would throw an arrow more than a hundred yards!

Grief shook Young Wolf before he remembered that some day he would be a Sioux warrior, and must show no emotion. Carelessly, as if brushing away a fly, he wiped at his wet eyes.

He was turning away to go and help with the horse herds, when a hand fell on his shoulder. The hand caught and held him, and Young Wolf found himself staring up into the grim face of The Eagle, the most famous warrior of all the Sioux.

The Eagle said, "You are a big boy. Strong, with long arms and legs. Why do you not shoot the bow, instead of playing guard with the ponies?"

Young Wolf stiffened. He said, "I am too young to make a bow. And there is none to make a bow for Young Wolf. I have no father, no mother."

The Eagle nodded, as if hearing news he did not already know. He was a big man, The Eagle. He wore a single red feather thrust into his black hair. Only when he took the war trail did The Eagle wear the multi-feathered war-bonnet that was rightly his.

Now he said, staring over Young Wolf's head at the men and boys disappearing into the cottonwoods near the waters of the nearby river, "It is not right that a young man should have hands that are not used to the tug of a good bow."

Young Wolf said, "I will have a bow, some day. I will make it myself, from the horns of a mountain goat. It will be the best bow in the Land of the Shining Prairie!"

The Eagle fought back the grim smile that threatened to twist his lips. Instead, he nodded soberly, as though in agreement. "But first you must learn to make that bow. You must learn to seek the finest willows by the water's edge for your arrows, the best gut of the mountain lion for your bow-string."

The Eagle gestured, and Young Wolf followed. They went back through the camp and across the sage flats beyond it. Soon the ground arched upwards, and The Eagle began to trot. Young Wolf followed him, tirelessly.

Deep under the shade of big spruce trees, The Eagle halted. He pointed to a slim ash tree, and handed Young Wolf his knife. "Cut it down," he told him. "Begin your cut one foot from the ground."

All that long afternoon, The Eagle and Young Wolf worked together over the length of slim ash. Under The Eagle's hunting knife, the pliant wood took shape; lengthened and thinned, grew narrow in the middle and flared outward, to shrink again at the tips. With sinew, The Eagle wrapped the handgrip. With catgut, he made the bow-string.

As he worked, he talked. "The southern tribes make their bows of Osage orange, but there is nothing better than a good ash bow. To make arrowheads, we find chipped flint, and bind them to the shaft with the sinew of a buffalo bull. The Crows use deer sinew, the Pawnees elk sinew. But you, being a Sioux, will use buffalo sinew."

They made the arrows as dusk settled across the mountains. Together, the big man and the boy came back from the mountain-side, the boy holding his bow and arrows.

When they were close to the tribal tepees, The Eagle said, "How will you use the bow, Young Wolf?"

"I will be the greatest archer in all the tribe! Whenever I shoot, I will hit my target!"

The Eagle looked long into Young Wolf's eyes, then nodded. He put a hand on the boy's shoulder and squeezed until Young Wolf felt the pain. Then he turned and was gone.

Young Wolf did not show the bow or the arrows to anyone. He hid them under an old blanket a squaw had tossed to him soon after his mother died. But he was up at dawn, and trotting back into the shelter of the blue spruce trees, and there he began to practice.

It was slow work, learning the quirks and whims of a new bow. He broke many arrows, but he remembered what The Eagle had taught him, and he made more. Day after day, from dawn until dusk, he dragged his body back and forth, in under the spruce

trees, and always the deep *twaang* of his suddenly released bowstring could be heard.

Often he would say to himself, when his shafts flew wild and far, "It is no use! I will never be a good hunter. I can never learn to use this bow!"

But there were other times, when a splinter of wood would fly as his arrow pierced it, that he cried aloud, "I will be the greatest archer in all the tribe! The Eagle will be proud of me!"

For Young Wolf regarded The Eagle as a brother. When he came down from the mountains in gloom or in joy, The Eagle was always there to look at him, to read his face, and seek his eyes, to learn if the determination was still there. And always, even in Young Wolf's blackest moments, The Eagle seemed satisfied.

Now the tribe was moving, and Young Wolf could no longer practice under the blue spruces. But he rode with the horse herd, in the heat and the dust, and he carried the bow and the arrows always under his worn blanket. When he was safely out of sight of the others, he let fly at birds and jackrabbits. Sighting on a moving target improved his steadiness. Soon now, he would see a bird in flight, wait for the spread of wings that indicated a smooth glide, and would release the bowstring. He cooked and ate the animals he shot. He put muscle on his arms and across his broad young back. He grew stronger and harder, and the ash bow seemed lighter and easier to draw.

The tribe was moving north, following the buffalo. Every mile saw them that much closer to the country of the Crows, who wore forelocks and were the finest horse-stealers among all the Indian tribes.

Three times the Crows raided the Sioux pony herd before White Horse, the chief, gathered the warriors around him. "We have lost many ponies," he told his braves. "We can spare no more! All who have ridden guard on the herd have been shot and wounded."

It was then that The Eagle stood up. He was tall and powerful in the light of the council fires. He drew the eyes of every warrior. "The Crow thieves can see us as they creep in. We sit high on our mounts' backs. I say, put a boy out there as guard."

The stolid Sioux snorted their derision, but The Eagle went on talking. "Send Young Wolf out to guard the herd. He will not fail you."

Someone pushed Young Wolf forward. His heart hammered in his chest, to thus stand among the men of the tribe, with everyone looking at him. But he clutched his ash bow tighter, and he said, "I will kill the Crow thieves!"

White Horse smiled. He said, "To shame my warriors, I will appoint you as horse guard. When they see you out there alone, perhaps they will grow keener eyes and sharper ears!"

* * *

The night was still and moonless, but a faint light hung over the horizon. Young Wolf crouched on his pony, blanket drawn up around his shoulders to keep him warm, and to dull any outline his body might make against the sky.

He thought, *The Eagle said I was ready. I must die defending the herd, if I have to!* He did not want to die, but —

Young Wolf heard the quavery coyote wail to his left. He pulled the blanket away from his head, and listened. It did not ring true, that cry. It was made by no coyote, but by a Crow warrior! It was answered to the left, and from in front.

Now Young Wolf threw away the blanket and fitted his catgut string to his bow. He ripped an arrow from the quiver The Eagle had loaned him, and notched it on the string.

The Crows came swiftly, on foot, waving long streamers of red flannel. The horses threw up their heads and danced nervously. One of the Crows left his feet, a hand twisted in a mane. He opened his lips to shrill his warcry, when Young Wolf caught him full in the center of his bow, a black shape against the pale glow of sky.

The bowstring twanged!

Young Wolf saw the other two Crows as he turned aside from the sight of the Crow warrior slipping under the horse herd's hoofs. Again he fitted an arrow and let it go. And again! He was answered by sharp wails of pain as those long Sioux shafts struck home.

Now the Crows who were hidden in the far shelter of the pines drove forward. Young Wolf turned, but over the drumming of the hoofs and the Crow warcries, he heard the shrill ullaulation of the Sioux warcry! The Eagle and White Horse and the other Sioux warriors had not left him unguarded!

The fight was over shortly. In battle, the Crow was no match for the Sioux. The horse herd was saved, and many Crows had been captured.

It was a proud moment for Young Wolf when he rode back into camp between The Eagle and White Horse, with his bow across his horse's back, his head held high. But he was prouder the next day when the men and the boys went out to practice with their bows, and The Eagle told the men, "Go without Young Wolf. He needs no practice. He is a better shot with his ash bow than any man in camp!"

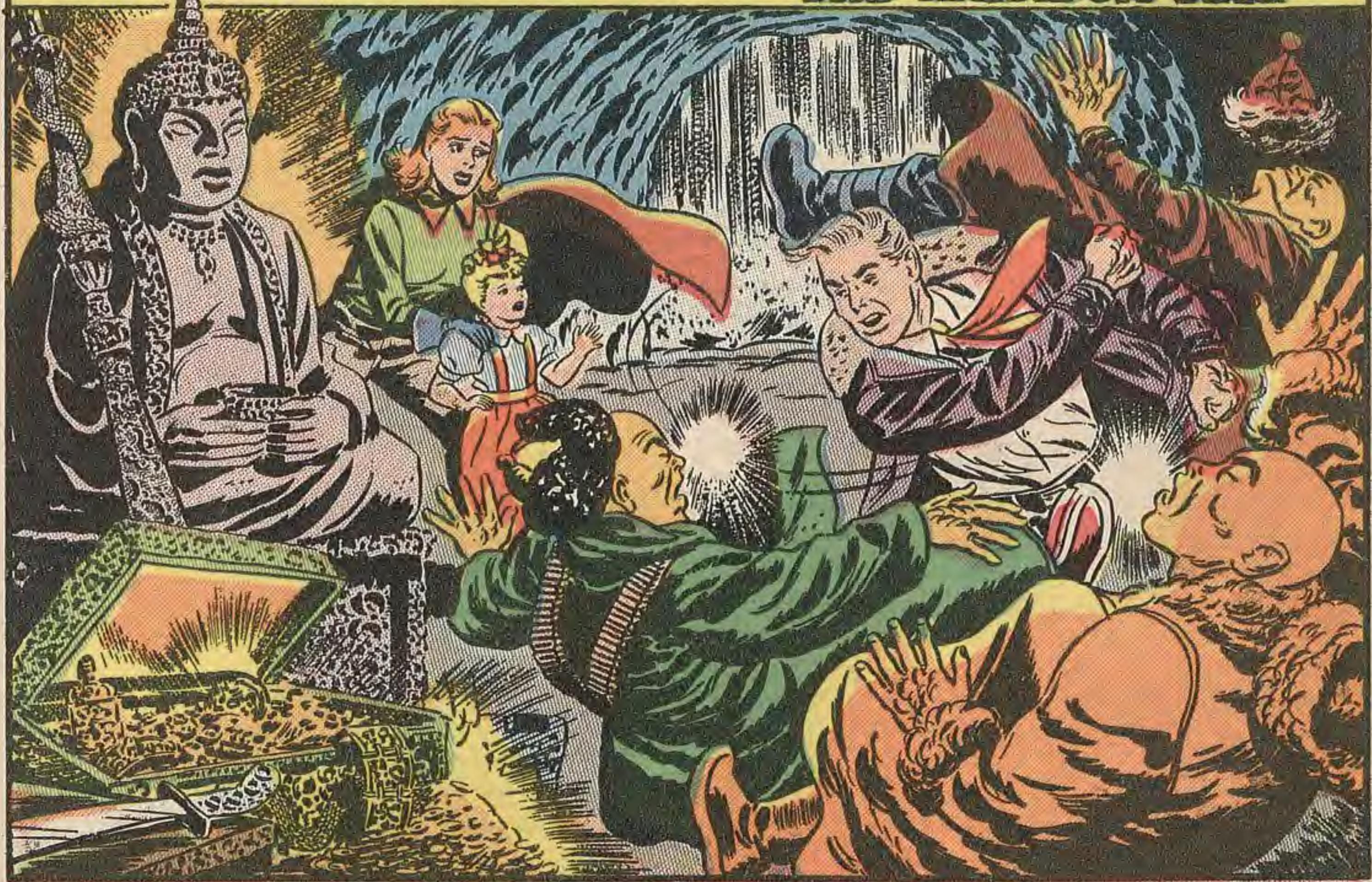
THE END

Little Miss Sunbeam

IN THE DEPTHS OF INNER CHINA,
WHERE FEW WHITE FEET HAVE
EVER TROD, LIE THE FABLED
TREASURES OF THE CHIN EMPER-
ORS OF CHINA, WHO FLED BEFORE
THE MONGOL HORDES OF GENGHIS
KHAN IN 1214...

EVEN TODAY, MEN SCHEME AND
FIGHT TO FIND THOSE FABULOUS
RICHES, AS SUNNY DISCOVERS
WHEN SHE WALKS BEHIND—

"THE RAINBOW VEIL"



ON A BUSY AIRFIELD IN
KWEIYANG —

HURRY UP, SUNNY. WE WANT
TO HAVE A LITTLE
TALK WITH COUSIN
JIM BEFORE HIS
PLANE TAKES OFF!

IT MUST BE EX-
CITING TO BE A
PILOT AND FLY
OVER CHINA
LIKE HE
DOES!

SO THIS IS SUNNY! YOU GO
LOOK AROUND
THE PLANE,
HONEY! YOUR
DAD AND I
WANT TO
CHIN!

ALL
RIGHT,
COUSIN
JIM...

I'M HERE
ON BUS-
NESS FOR
UNCLE
TEDDY,
JIM. HE HAS
INTERESTS
ALL OVER THE
WORLD, YOU
KNOW!

HO-HUM...THIS IS NICE AND
COSY. THINK I'LL JUST...CLOSE
MY EYES... A LITTLE WHILE...
WHILE DADDY TALKS...

NO OTHER WAY TO GET INTO THE INTERIOR
EXCEPT BY THAT PLANE...

HEY, JIM! TELL
YOUR GUEST THERE'S A
LONG DISTANCE PHONE
CALL FOR HIM...

THAT MUST BE THE MANAGER IN MANILA.
I'LL HAVE GOOD NEWS FOR HIM. I'LL COME
BACK FOR SUNNY LATER... JUST BEFORE
YOU TAKE OFF!



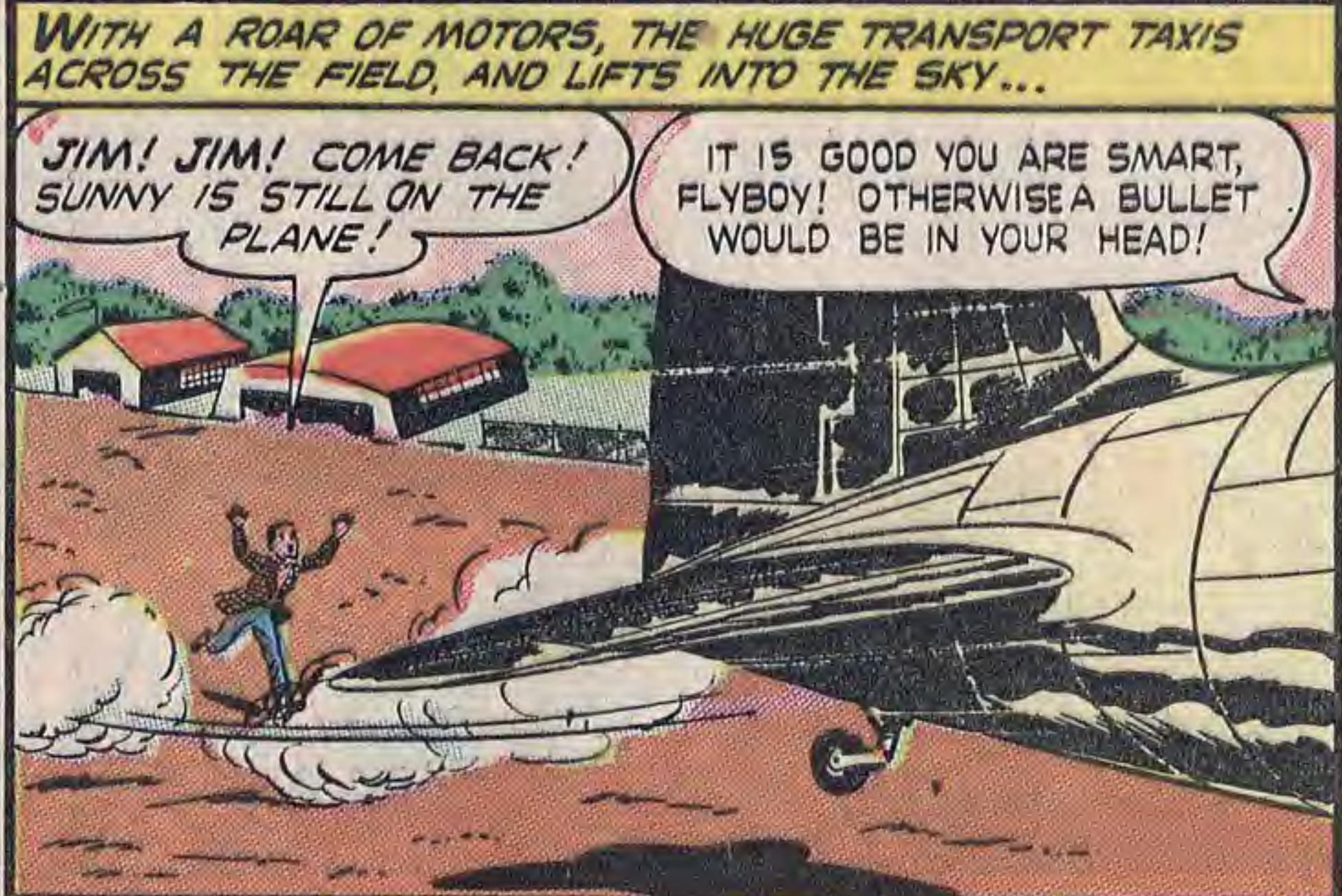
BEGIN THE FLIGHT, FLYBOY!
START YOUR PLANE! TAKE
HER UPSTAIRS!

HUH?
WHAT—?

WITH A ROAR OF MOTORS, THE HUGE TRANSPORT TAXIS
ACROSS THE FIELD, AND LIFTS INTO THE SKY...

JIM! JIM! COME BACK!
SUNNY IS STILL ON THE
PLANE!

IT IS GOOD YOU ARE SMART,
FLYBOY! OTHERWISE A BULLET
WOULD BE IN YOUR HEAD!



THE STEADY HUM OF
THE TWIN ENGINES
POWERING THE CON-
VERTED C-46 DRONES
ON FOR HOUR AFTER
HOUR, OVER THE
YANGTZE RIVER,
HIGH ABOVE THE
CHINGHAI MOUNTAINS,
ONWARD THROUGH
CLOUDS AND CLEAR
SKIES...

LULLED BY THE MOTORS, SUNNY
SLEEPS ON. BUT WHEN SHE
OPENS HER EYES...

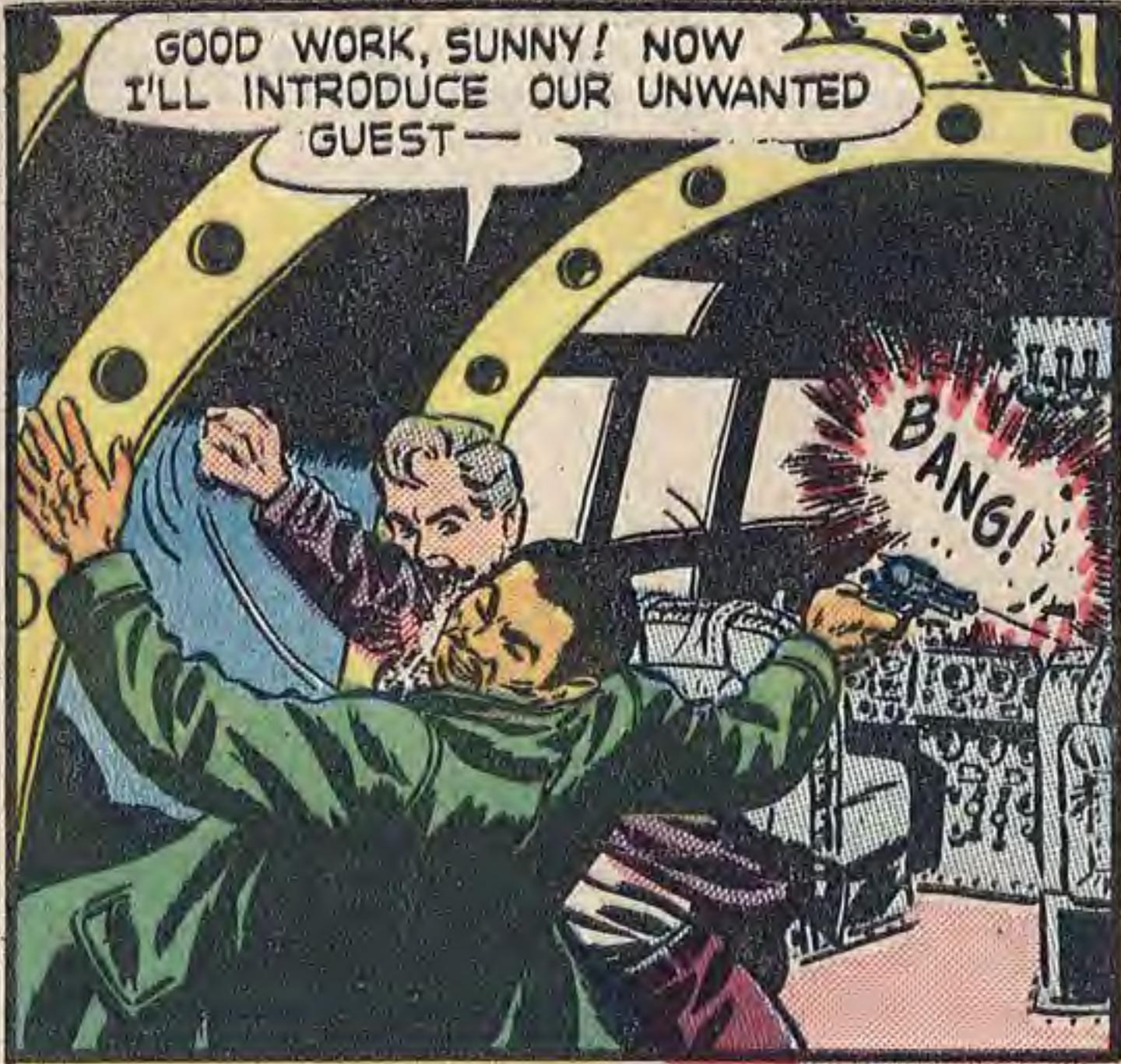
GULP!



COUSIN JIM!
GRAB HIM!



GOOD WORK, SUNNY! NOW
I'LL INTRODUCE OUR UNWANTED
GUEST —



—TO A GOOD OLD-FASHIONED
AMERICAN ONE-TWO PUNCH!



DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS,
SUNNY—BUT WE'LL FIND OUT
WHEN WE TURN BACK TO
KWEIYANG. THE POLICE PROB-
ABLY HAVE A FILE ON HIM
A YARD LONG!



WHAT'S
WRONG,
COUSIN
JIM?

MAYBE WE WON'T
TURN BACK, AT
THAT, HONEY! HIS
BULLET MISSED
ME — BUT IT SURE
DIDN'T MISS MY IN-
STRUMENT PANEL!
IT'S WRECKED!

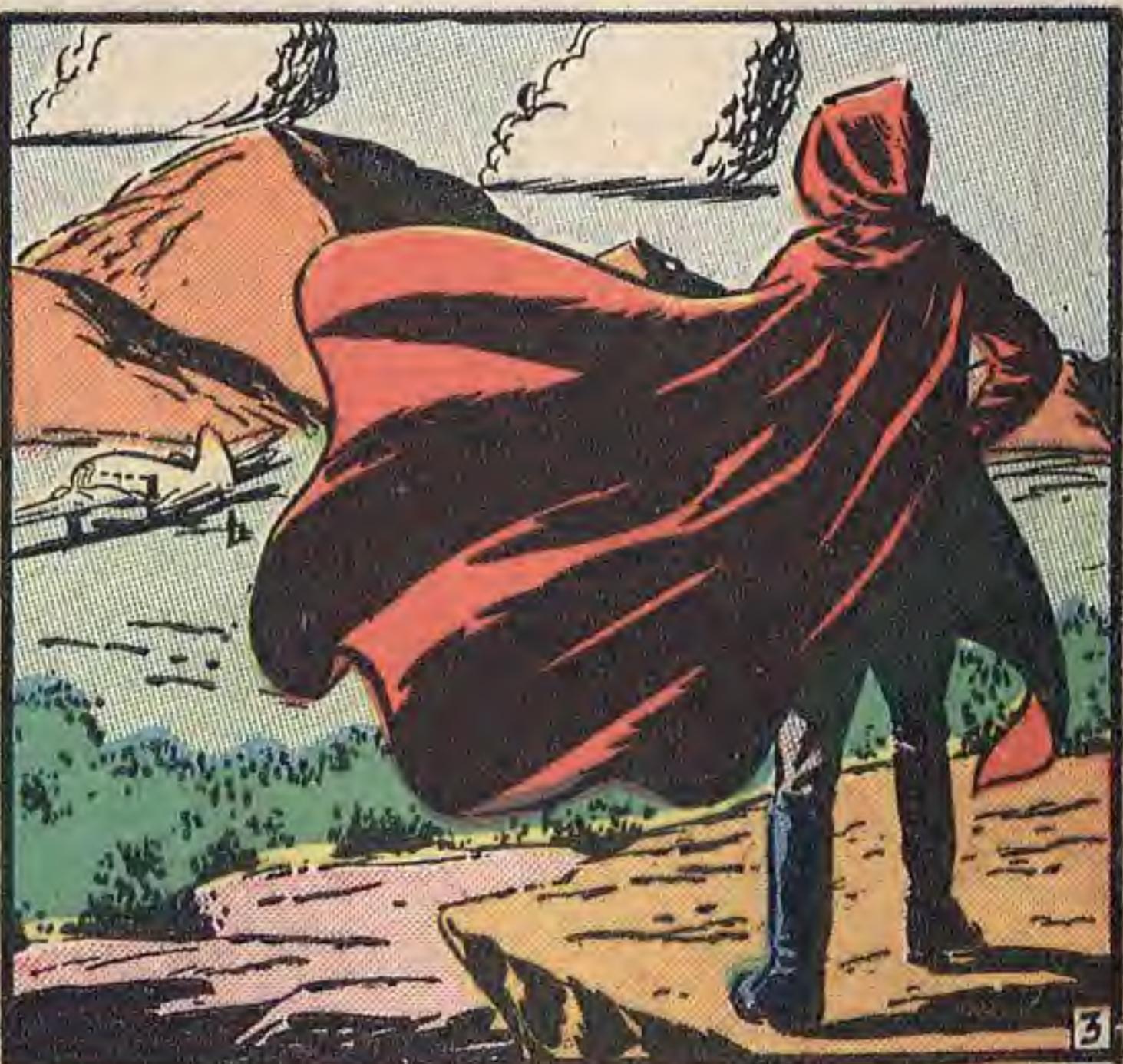


THE ALTIMETER IS WRECKED—
AND WITHOUT THAT IT'S DANGER-
OUS TO FLY IN MOUNTAIN COUN-
TRY! THE SAFEST THING FOR US
TO DO IS TO LAND AND TRY TO
REPAIR THE DAMAGE. BUT
WHERE?

I SEE A BIG FIELD
DOWN THERE. THROUGH
THE CLOUDS OFF TO
THE RIGHT...



LOST—A THOUSAND
MILES FROM NOWHERE!

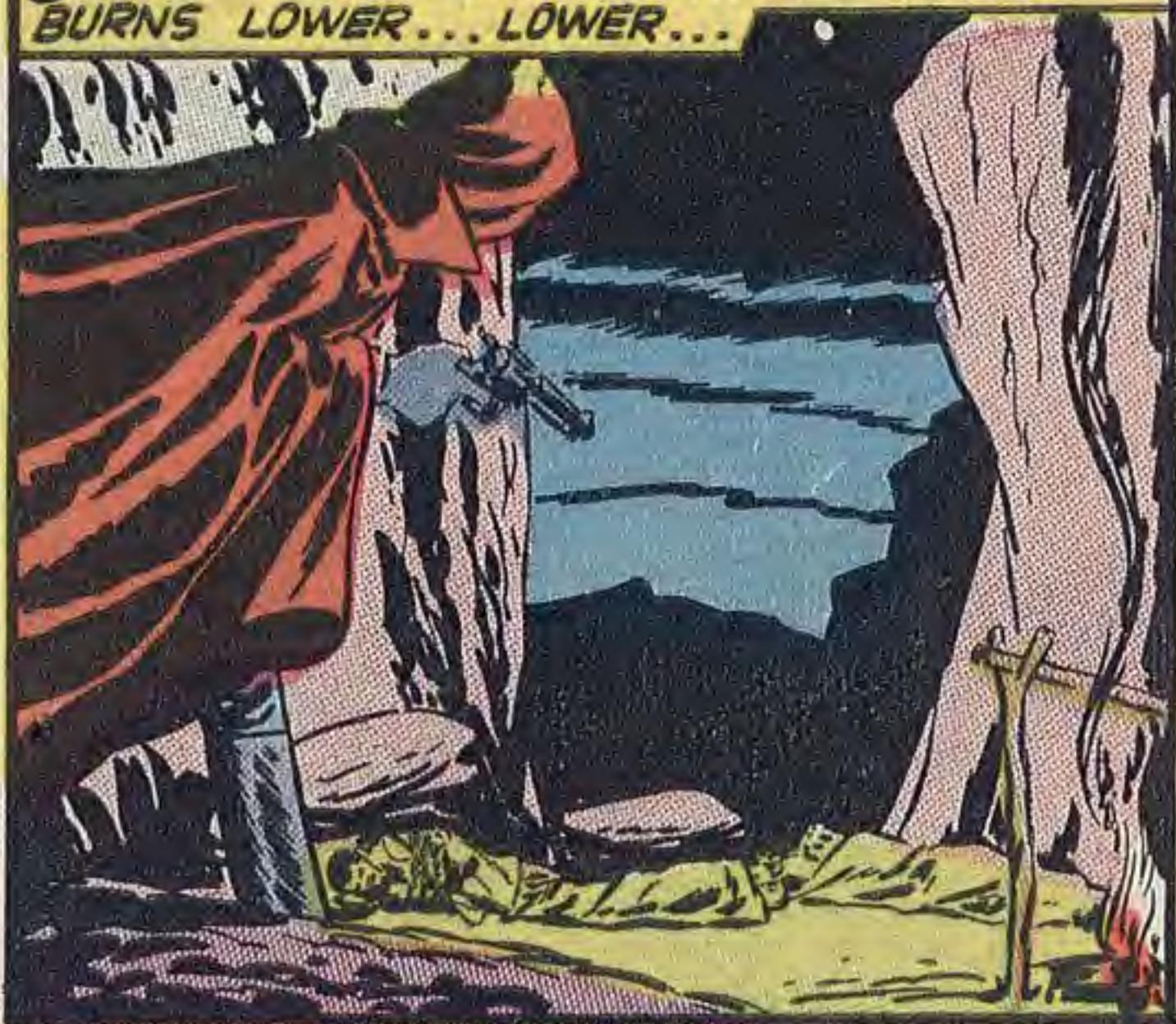


WITH DRY BRUSH AND TWIGS, JIM BUILDS A LITTLE FIRE AND COOKS SOME CANNED SOUP AND MEAT...

HERE—SOME HOT FOOD, BABY. SCARED?

I'M NOT SCARED WITH YOU, COUSIN JIM. YOU'RE SO BIG AND STRONG. I'LL BET YOU COULD JUST LICK ANYBODY WHO TRIED TO HURT ME!

SLOWLY THE SKY DARKENS... THE CAMPFIRE BURNS LOWER... LOWER...



A GIRL!!!

AN AMERICAN—!

THAT WAS A CLOSE CALL! BUT WHAT'S A GIRL LIKE YOU DOING HERE?

I'M LACE McGREGOR. MY FATHER, ANGUS McGREGOR WAS WORKING FOR A MUSEUM. A LONG TIME AGO HE DISCOVERED, ON SOME ANCIENT SCROLLS, THE HIDING PLACE OF THE CHIN EMPERORS' TREASURE...

HE PLANNED TO COME HERE TO SEARCH FOR THAT TREASURE. THE WAR AND OTHER COMPLICATIONS MADE THE TRIP IMPOSSIBLE UNTIL LAST YEAR WHEN WE LEFT STATESIDE AND CAME INTO THE INTERIOR TO HUNT IT. LAST WEEK...MONGOL BANDITS RAIDED OUR CAMP... KILLED FATHER. I ESCAPED, BUT ONLY TO WANDER ABOUT...LOST...



HERE IS HIS MAP THAT HE DREW ACCORDING TO THOSE OLD CHINESE RECORDS. NOW THAT I'VE FOUND YOU, PERHAPS WE CAN HUNT TOGETHER FOR THE TREASURE.

WE'LL... I HAVE SUNNY TO THINK ABOUT!

OH, COUSIN JIM - LET'S!

LATER, AS THE TRIO SLEEPS...

WHILE THE FOOLS TALKED, I WORKED THESE ROPES LOOSE. THINGS COULD NOT HAVE TURNED OUT BETTER FOR SERGE VASLOV! I - WHO ONCE WORKED FOR ANGUS MCGREGOR - WILL NOW REAP THE BENEFIT OF HIS YEARS OF STUDY...



MEANWHILE, MANY MILES AWAY...

SHALGAR! I'VE COME BACK
AS I PROMISED I WOULD —
WITH THE TREASURE MAP!

IT IS GOOD
TO SEE THE
FACE OF SERGE
VASLOV AGAIN!
WE ATTACKED MC-
GREGOR'S CAMP AS
YOU ORDERED IN YOUR
LETTER...

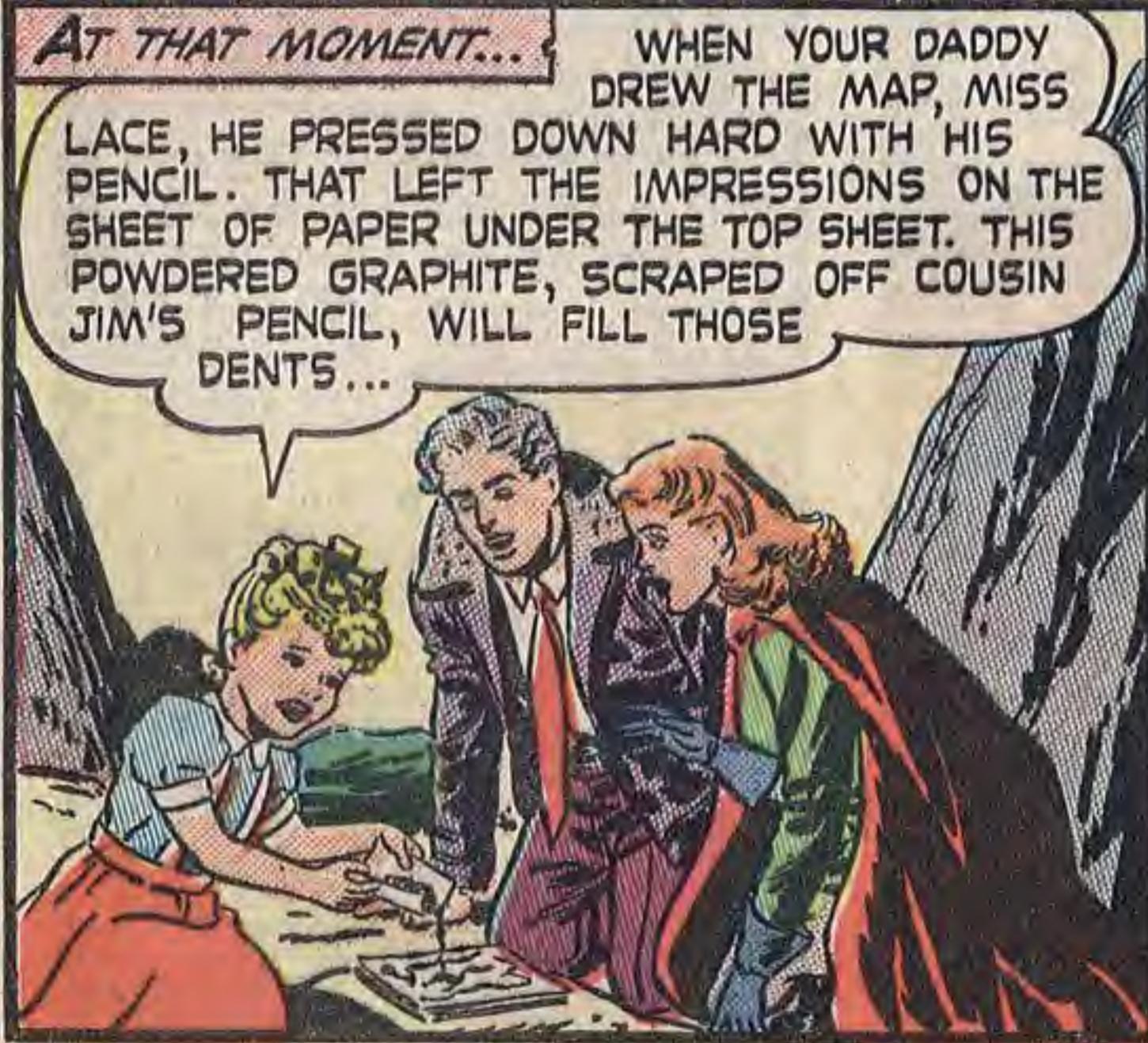


IT TOOK TIME AND MONEY TO GET IN HERE.
I LEFT THE STATES AS SOON AS I LEARNED
ANGUS MCGREGOR HAD SOLVED THE RIDDLE
OF THOSE OLD CHINESE RECORDS. BY LUCK
I FOUND HIS DAUGHTER...AND STOLE HER
MAP! HERE IT IS!



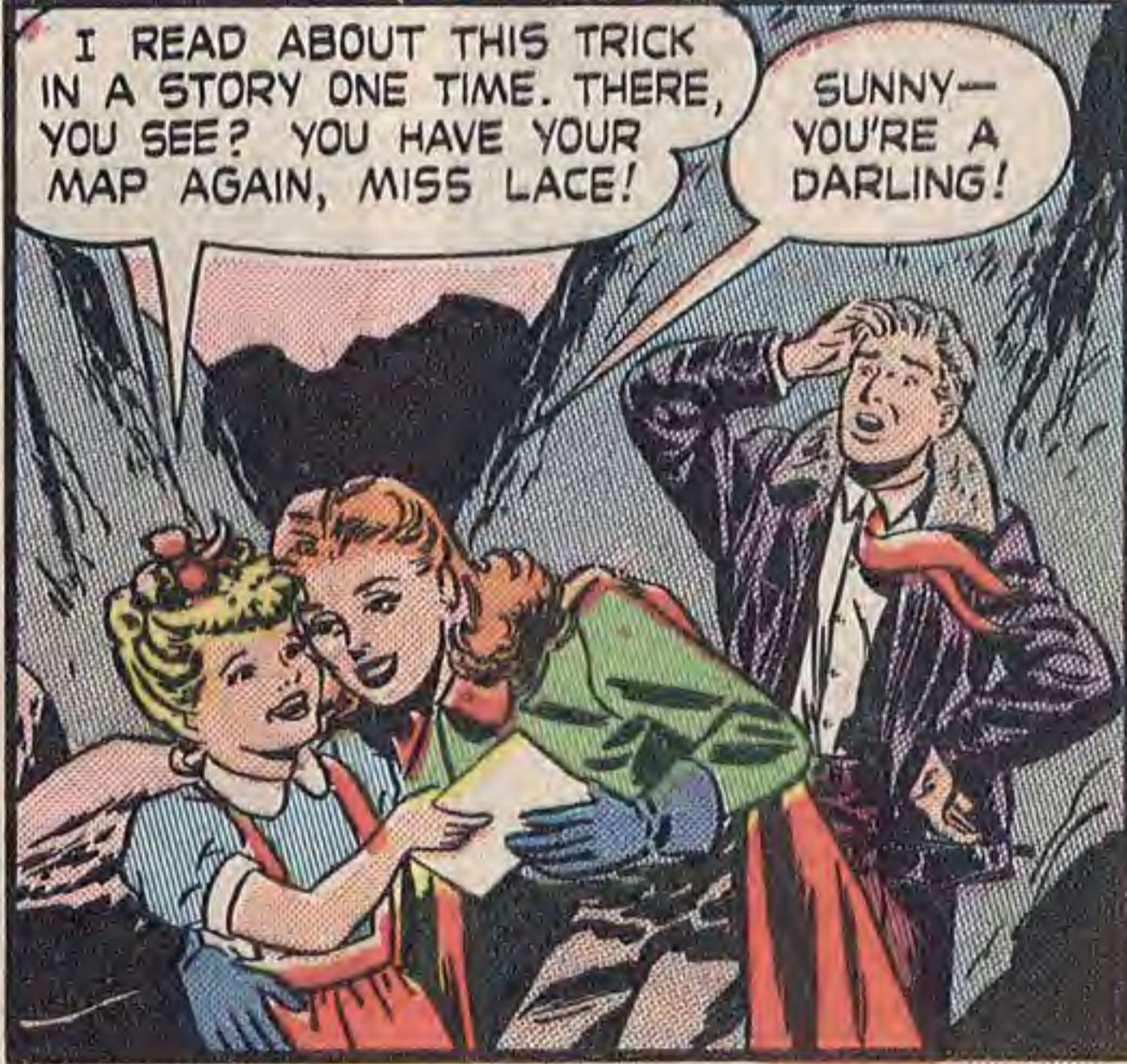
AT THAT MOMENT...

WHEN YOUR DADDY
DREW THE MAP, MISS
LACE, HE PRESSED DOWN HARD WITH HIS
PENCIL. THAT LEFT THE IMPRESSIONS ON THE
SHEET OF PAPER UNDER THE TOP SHEET. THIS
POWDERED GRAPHITE, SCRAPED OFF COUSIN
JIM'S PENCIL, WILL FILL THOSE
DENTS...



I READ ABOUT THIS TRICK
IN A STORY ONE TIME. THERE,
YOU SEE? YOU HAVE YOUR
MAP AGAIN, MISS LACE!

SUNNY—
YOU'RE A
DARLING!



AND SO, WITH THE AID OF
THE RE-TRACED MAP, THE
THREE MOVE SLOWLY THROUGH
THE CELESTIAL MOUNTAINS,
HUNTING FOR THE LOST TRE-
SURE...

SUNNY—WATCH OUT!
THAT'S LOOSE SHALE!
DON'T STEP ON—



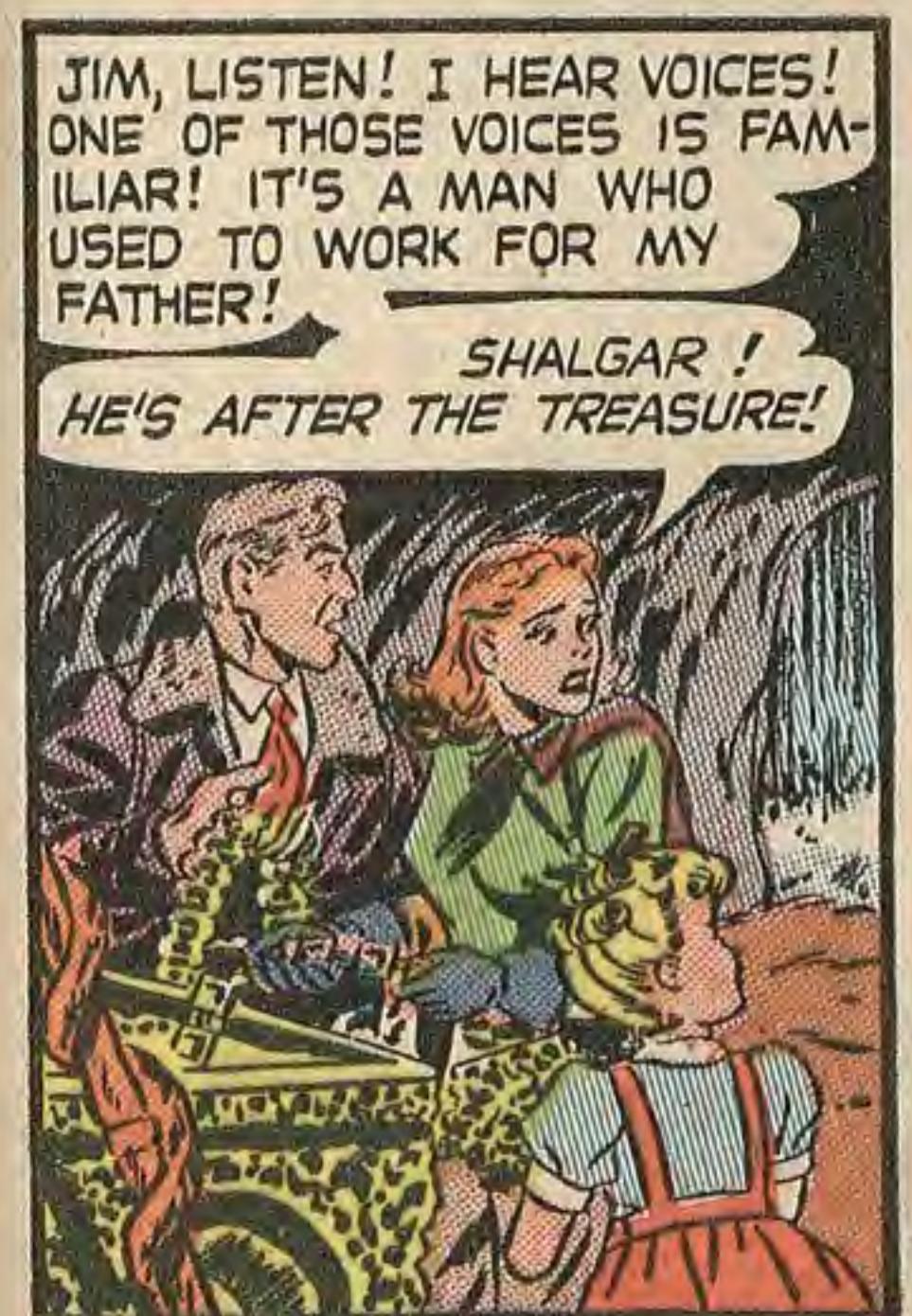
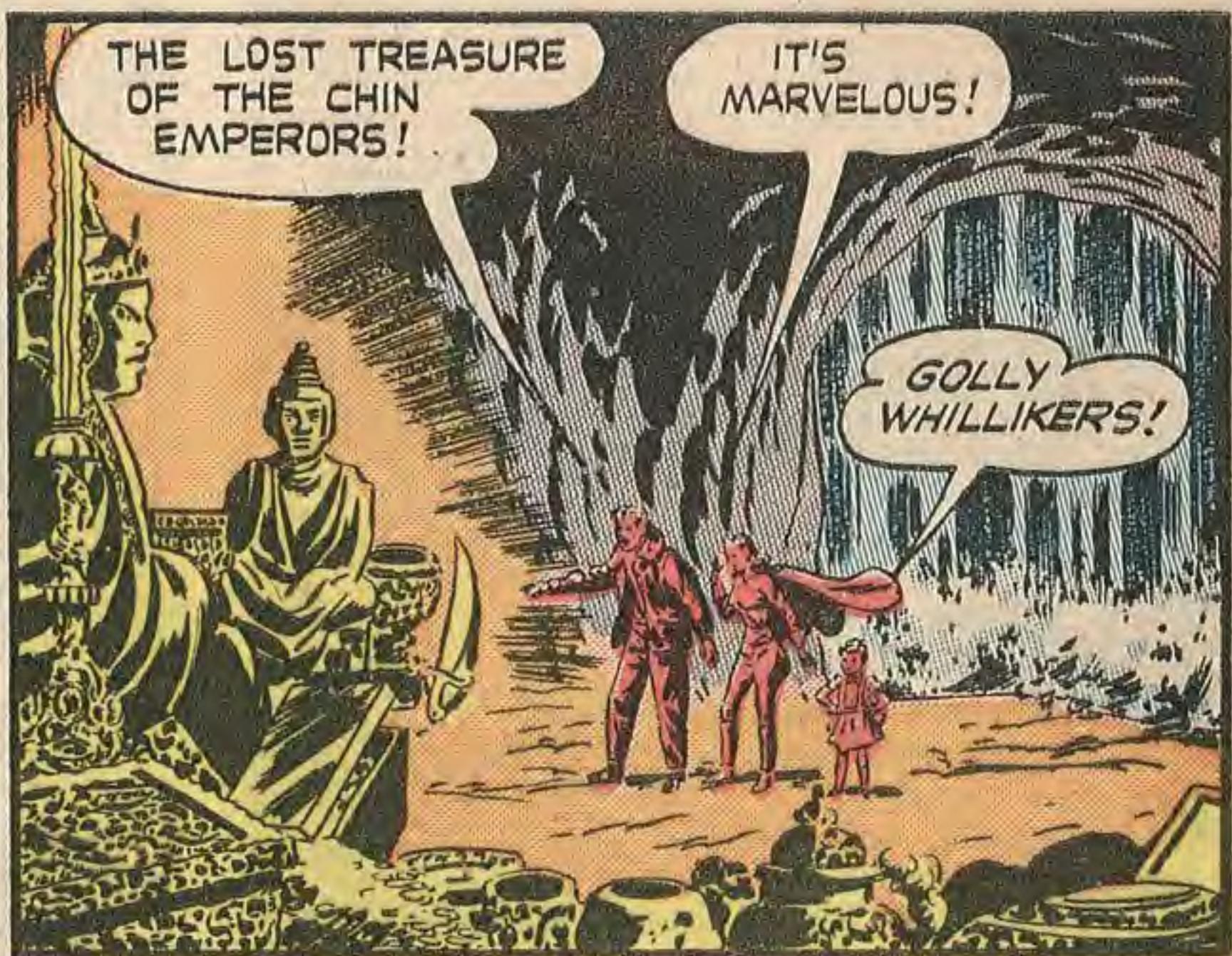
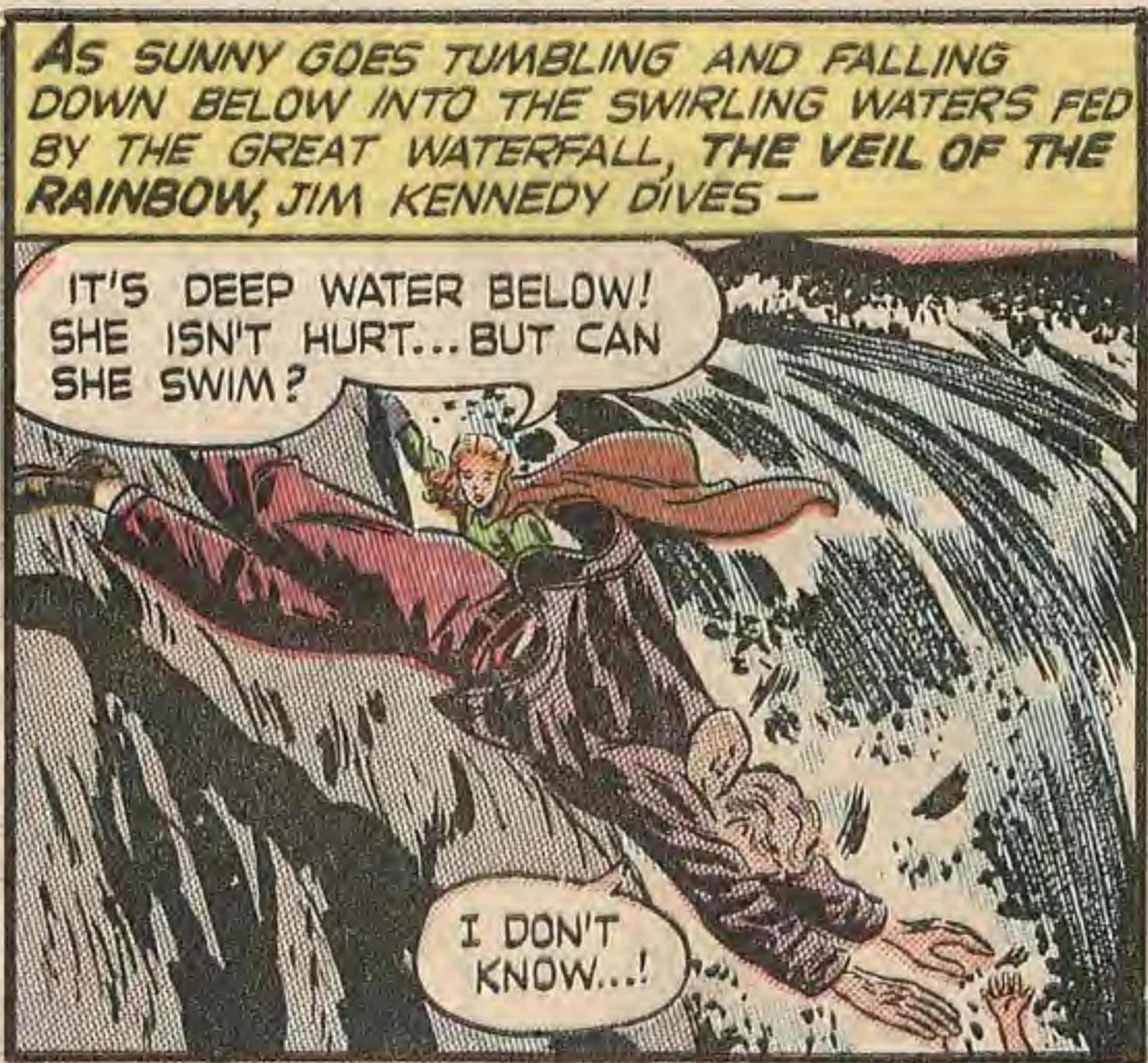
OH! SUNNY! JIM!
SHE'S FALLING....!



JUST THEN, HIGH ON THE ROCK
RIM ABOVE...

LOOK! IT'S
THE MAN AND THE WOMAN
AND THE GIRL! THE MAP.
THEY HAD LIED! WE'VE HUNTED
DAYS OVER ALL THIS COUNTRY
AND NOT FOUND
A THING!





WAIT A MINUTE! THIS OLD CHINESE BATTLE MACE IS SOLID WITH DIAMONDS!

BUT IT CAN STILL LAY A MONGOL OUT COLD!

JIM! QUICK!

RIGHT!

THUDD!



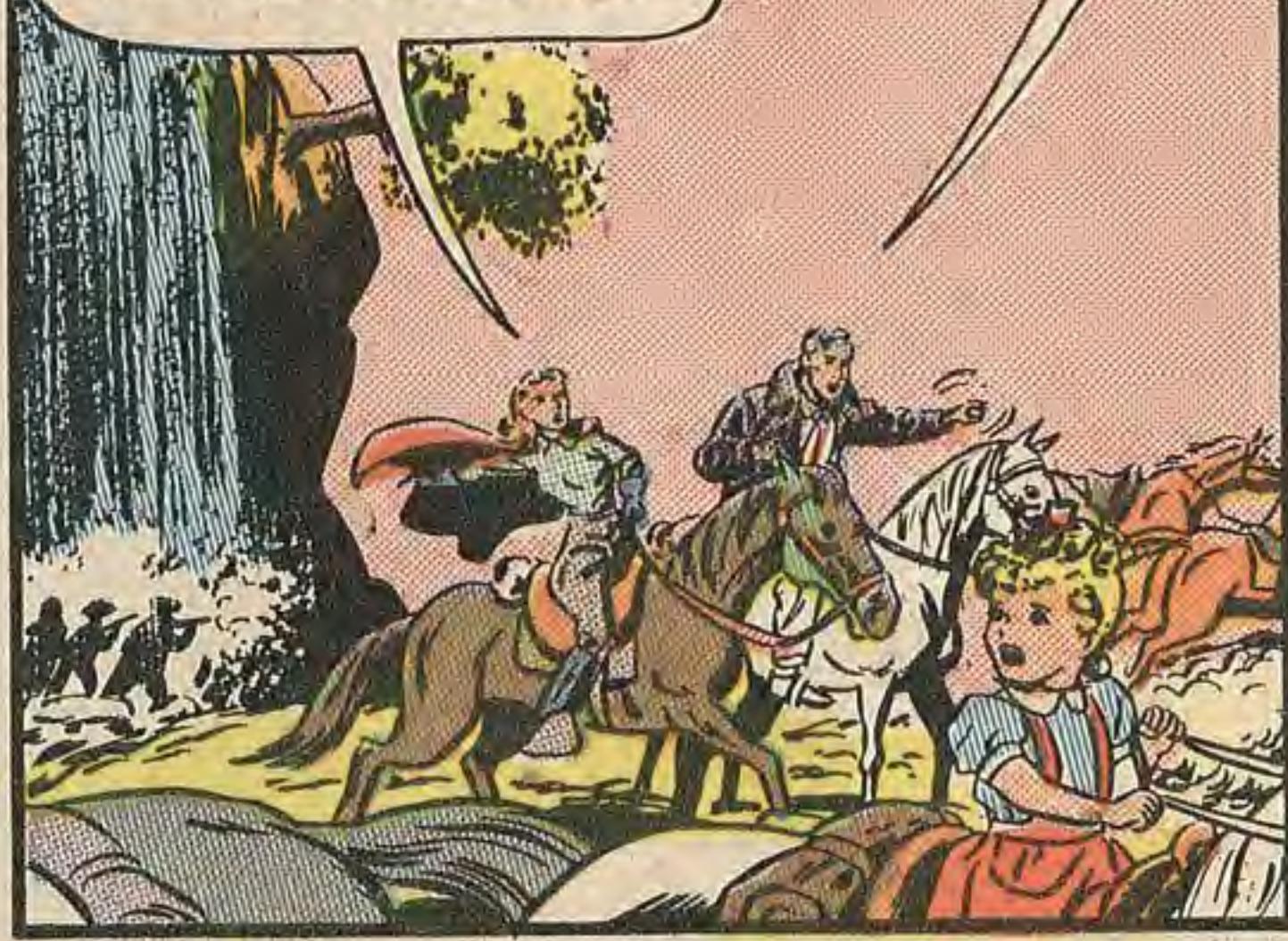
AS VASLOV AND HIS BANDIT MONGOLS RUSH INTO THE WATERFALL, JIM GUIDES LACE AND SUNNY OUT THROUGH THE DOWNPOUR OF WATERS...

COME ON!
THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO
SEE US IN ALL THIS WATER!



WE'LL RUN OFF THE REST OF THEIR HORSES SO THEY CAN'T FOLLOW!

JIM! THEY SEE US!
THEY'RE SHOOTING!



BUT AS THE MONGOL BANDITS FIRE, THE HEAVY REVERBERATIONS OF THE ROARING RIFLES LOOSEN THE ROCKS ALREADY CRACKED AND WEAKENED BY THE CENTURIES-LONG FLOW OF WATERS...

AIEEEE!

LANDSLIDE!

WE WILL BE BURIED!

AT THAT MOMENT...

LOOK!
A PLANE!

THEY SEE US!
THEY'RE DIPPING A WING!

A LITTLE LATER...

SAFE AND SOUND,
SUNNY—
THANK HEAVENS!

NOW THAT WE KNOW WHERE THE TREASURE IS, WE CAN OUTFIT A NEW EXPEDITION AND COME BACK FOR IT!

WE'LL BOTH COME BACK, LACE—with SUNNY, TOO—BECAUSE SHE'S THE ONE WHO FOUND IT!



THE END



MAGIC YOU CAN DO



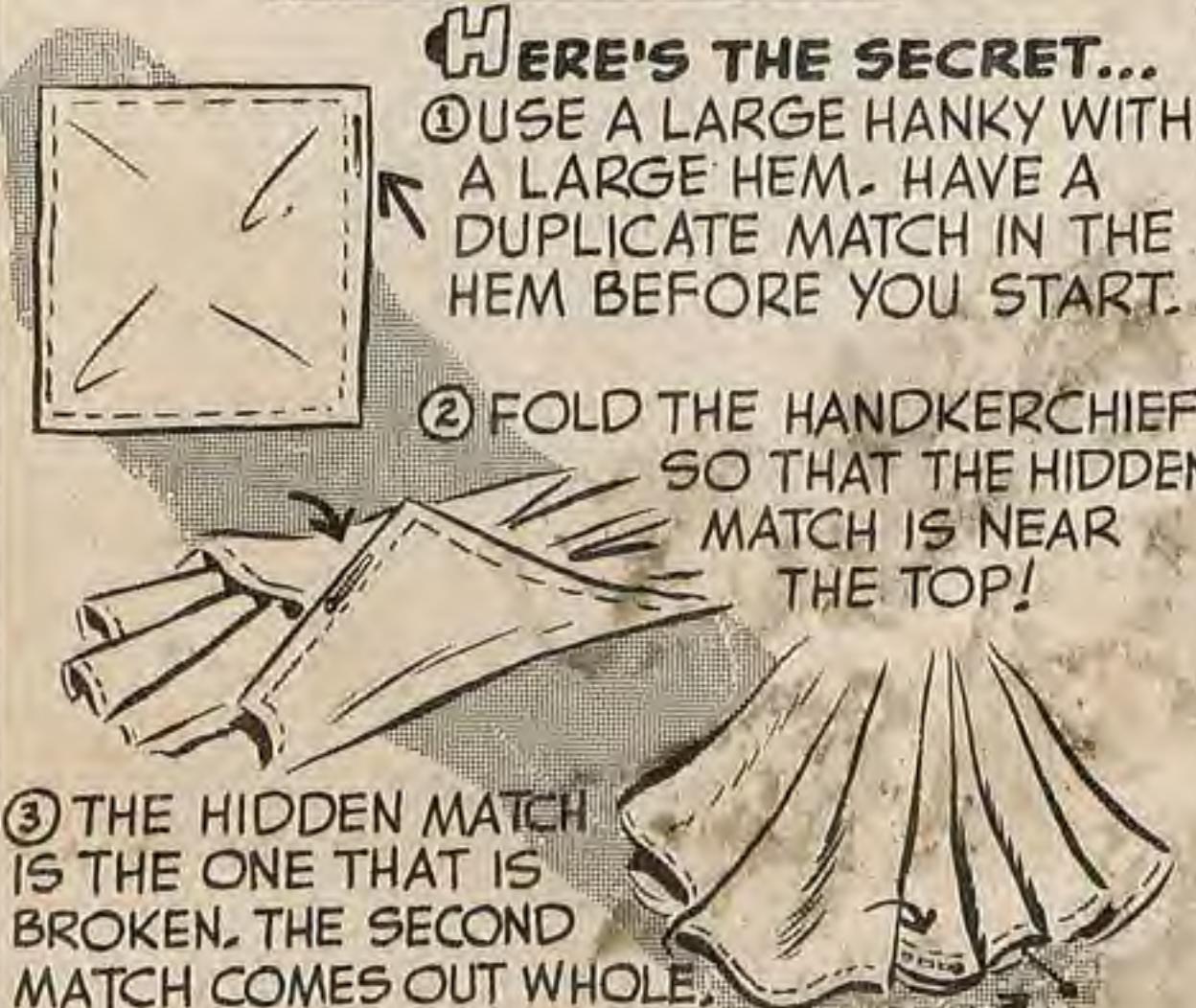
THE MAGNETIC PENCIL TRICK...
FROM HERE, THE "MAGNETIC PENCIL" SEEMS
TO BE SUSPENDED BEHIND THE HAND!



IT'S SIMPLE, IF WE SEE WHAT'S GOING ON
BEHIND THE PROFESSOR. THE INDEX FINGER
IS HOLDING THE PENCIL. IT'S A CLEVER TRICK.
TRY IT ON YOUR FRIENDS.



BROKEN AND RESTORED MATCH!
SHOW AN ORDINARY WOODEN MATCH
AND A HANDKERCHIEF WHICH MAY BE
SEEN ON BOTH SIDES...



HERE'S THE SECRET...

① USE A LARGE HANKY WITH
A LARGE HEM. HAVE A
DUPLICATE MATCH IN THE
HEM BEFORE YOU START.

② FOLD THE HANDKERCHIEF
SO THAT THE HIDDEN
MATCH IS NEAR
THE TOP!

③ THE HIDDEN MATCH
IS THE ONE THAT IS
BROKEN. THE SECOND
MATCH COMES OUT WHOLE.



**THE MATCH IS THEN WRAPPED
IN THE HANDKERCHIEF. ASK
SOMEONE TO FEEL THE MATCH
AND THEN BREAK IT INTO
SEVERAL PIECES...**



**THEN SHAKE THE
HANDKERCHIEF AND
THE MATCH FALLS
OUT, UNBROKEN!**



GLASS AND MATCH TRICK...
ASK SOMEONE TO REMOVE ONE
GLASS WITHOUT THE MATCH
FALLING...

* TO AVOID DANGER OF FIRE,
PLACE THE GLASSES UNDER A
PLATE OR ANY OTHER
INCOMBUSTIBLE SURFACE.



HERE'S HOW!
USE A SECOND MATCH
TO LIGHT THE HEAD OF
THE FIRST MATCH!



BLOW IT OUT AND WAIT
A FEW SECONDS FOR
IT TO COOL. THEN
REMOVE ONE GLASS
AND THE MATCH WILL
STICK TO THE OTHER.

Sunbeam FOR PEP

YOU'RE A
REAL CHAMP!

OF COURSE, I EAT
SUNBEAM BREAD
FOR ENERGY!

FULL SPEED
AHEAD FOR A
SUNBEAM
LUNCH!

COME ON, KIDS!
IT'S TIME FOR A
SUNBEAM
LUNCH!

SPELLING

S-IS FOR SUNBEAM
U-REAL GOOD FOR U
N-YOU NEED SUNBEAM
B-GRAND BREAD ALL THROUGH
E-IS THE ENERGY
A-IN AN AFTERNOON SNACK
M-ARE SUNBEAM MEALS
YOU EAT 5 TIMES A DAY
TO GET ENERGY BACK!

READING

PAT-A-CAKE
PAT-A-CAKE
BAKER'S MAN
BAKE ME SOME
SUNBEAM
BREAD AS
FAST AS
YOU CAN!

ARITHMETIC

ENERGY-VALUE
+
QUALITY
=
SUNBEAM
BREAD



Eat **Sunbeam** the bread you need for energy!

F.CARIN